The Beaver
SPRING 1964

"This person . . . was bold, enterprising, and voluntarily offered his service to . . . explore the country."

Two hundred years ago this description was given of Anthony Henday, who made a year-long, 2000 mile expedition from York Factory to the inland country — the first European to see the Northern Rockies and meet the Blackfoot Indians on their hunting grounds.

Great men — past and present — build a great Company.

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670.

The Beaver

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The Ramparts on the Mackenzie River above Fort Good Hope, by Egon Bork

This carved wooden beaver, now in a Honolulu restaurant, is a relic of the Hudson's Bay Company's Hawaiian agency.

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MYTH OF THE WOLF

An Arctic Wolf sniffs the ground where the author had stood moments before. On northern Ellesmere, beyond the range of present-day Eskimos, man was unknown to this creature

BY DAVID FREELAND PARMELEE

associate professor of biology at Kansas State Teachers College who over the past ten years has worked in both eastern and western Canadian Arctic. The photographs are from transparencies taken by Dr Parmelee.

SEPTEMBER 19th in 1955 was cold but not unbearably so as I walked across the ice of a mile-long lake and up a creek leading far out on a tundra plain that was veiled in a trace of snow. Straight ahead lay Greely Fiord with towering icebergs grounded in new ice, beyond it, on the rim of the polar basin, the great shimmering valleys and frozen peaks of Ellesmere Island. Here was the wildest and northernmost land in all of Canada.

I was searching for Lapland Longspurs—small tundra birds that bred on this very plain some weeks past. The sparrowlike longspur is the most abundant land bird in many southern parts of the Arctic, but here, beyond the 80th parallel, it was decidedly scarce. Many of these longspurs already had departed on their southward migration. I anticipated collecting some specimens of the few that still remained.

In my searching I wandered from the creek bed and recognized a familiar place. This was not unusual. One often rediscovers lakes, valleys, hills, all sorts of formations in traversing relatively new country afoot. But this terrain was especially distinctive. Here, earlier in the month, we encountered forty-three musk-oxen. They long since had departed, but as I stood reminiscing, a large, yet obscure, object half hidden among grassy tussocks caught my eye. Somewhat closer the pungent odour of animal flesh left little doubt that it was the recent remains of a musk-ox. Warned suddenly by some special perceptive instinct not known to me this day, I spun around. Coming straight for me were two great wolves!

One ran swiftly behind an escarpment close by. The other stopped abruptly on a low ridge a hundred steps away. Big, powerful and pure white of pelage, it stood majestically framed against the polar sky.

With good reason I crouched. Immediately the wolf charged. Ten steps away it paused with front legs spread and nose nearly touching the ground. Then on it came.

All I remember is that I was prone and aiming camera and shotgun at this fast approaching wolf. Dropping camera, I jumped up, shotgun poised to kill. The wolf leaped, coming down some feet away, not on me!

Obviously the creature was frightened badly. Was it my upright form, close up, that startled it so? Perhaps, for this land and sea were beyond civilization, even beyond the Eskimos who hunted far to the south in Canada.

Frightened no longer the wolf became curious, approaching me within four feet. It sniffed the ground where I walked, ran off, urinated frequently, returned and sniffed again. It followed me to the aforesaid musk-ox carcass—the very food of this carnivore. Even then there was not the slightest hostility.

Frightened no longer, the wolf became curious.

I did not reach out to pet it! Even friendly wolves are potentially dangerous. In chewing up the carcass, the wolves had first eaten the viscera and fleshy hind quarters. They later tackled the remaining flesh and hide and finally the bones, crunching ribs like so many pretzels and cracking larger bones with their incredibly strong jaws.

This particular individual urinated like a female canine and no doubt was a she-wolf. The other, larger and heavier of body, remained a thousand yards off and never did come really close. Almost certainly it was the male. Now the female behaved as if she wanted to follow me as I departed, glancing furtively at her mate and then me. Then she trotted off to the carcass and fed.

Later, during a more lucid moment, I made a surprising discovery. My 12-gauge shotgun, equipped with one of those inchambered auxiliary .410-gauge barrels used by bird collectors, was loaded with very fine "longspur" shot. During all the excitement of charging wolves I had foolishly neglected to exchange the light ammunition for a proper wolf load.

Wolves were not new to me. Much earlier that year my field companion Stu MacDonald of the National Museum of Canada and I tracked them all about Slidre Fiord, the site of our base camp and the joint Canadian-

Arctic Hares of the far north remain white the year round. Congregations of these mammals seen from afar may easily be mistaken for a 'wolf pack.'

United States weather station Eureka, some thirty miles south of Greely Fiord. There were wolf signs aplenty, but most of these mammals went unseen. Then there was that unforgettable incident in mid-May when a lone male wolf visited Eureka during the early morning hours. Peeping out from our sleeping quarters we saw it standing perfectly still, strange and terrifying, on a drift of snow only feet away. An awful gun blast suddenly shattered the silence and the creature thrashed about frantically, its huge jaws snapping viciously at the air as though it were trying to bite some invisible foe. Then it quickly succumbed.

Not many wolves were seen the following summer at Eureka or thereabout. When the fiord waters finally opened in August, the station personnel motorboated along the shore, sometimes crossing the fiord when it was free of floes. One day several men returned from the far side and breathlessly told us that they had seen a large wolf pack. We believe that what they really saw were not wolves but hares, an arctic species of extraordinary size. The hares endemic to the far north remain white the year around, as do the wolves, and the two therefore are easily confused. Moreover, Arctic Hares are at times gregarious and not infrequently form congregations of hundreds of individuals.

Wolves, on the other hand, rarely if ever form the great packs of reputed tradition. Quite a few may be seen near caribou concentrations, but they do not form a virtual army that overruns a land devouring everything in its path. Nowhere in our many miles of arctic travel did we see large numbers of wolves or their tracks running along together.

More wolves were seen at Eureka in September than in all previous months combined that year. Station personnel reportedly saw several large ones on the rolling slopes behind the Eureka dump. And then there was a medium-sized wolf that occasionally visited Eureka early in the month and managed somehow to escape being shot. A dark spot high on its thigh clearly marked this individual. Following it in near-blizzard weather one afternoon, I met it head-on near the top of a hill, for the creature had unexpectedly circled back on me.

Mother wolf leading one of four pups from potential danger.

Having failed repeatedly to obtain a single photo of the species, I made a real attempt to photograph this wolf despite wind and snow. Steadying the camera I dropped to my knees and beheld a curious thing. The wolf came closer, not running off. Some forty steps away it lowered its head and stopped; then it turned and moved into higher bluff country. I followed and turned back the wolf several times by crouching low. But the distance between us became greater each time, and finally it disappeared altogether in blowing snow. Pictures taken that day were disappointing.

This remarkable behaviour on the part of the wolf was not exceptional. Some days later I spotted another wolf curled and asleep in the sand of a sunny ridge a half mile

from Eureka. My deception this time was so effective that when I next saw the beast it was looking down at me from a slight rise less than fifteen feet away! So great was the shock of seeing it practically upon me that I lost my composure and failed to get that precious picture. The wolf bolted and was gone the moment I jumped up.

Stu MacDonald and I had another camp far inland between Slidre and Greely fiords. Numerous tracks of wolves were all about this camp in crusty September snow. A rock pile under which animal carcasses had been cached was torn apart and the meat taken. There was little damage otherwise. No wolf ever attempted to break through the flimsy wall of our James tent.

It was several miles north of this satellite camp where I found the wolf pair at the musk-ox carcass. My good friend Stu, having had many wonderful experiences with arctic wolves but few opportunities to photograph them, was beside himself with excitement when he learnt of the special pair.

It was during our third trip to the musk-ox carcass that I chose to go after the male wolf which, unlike its mate, was reluctant to come to us. Stu wished to remain behind with the female, now that he had lugged his heavy movie camera all this distance across the tundra. Moments later, to our amazement, we stood looking at four wolf pups! All four bounded off clumsily, following in the tracks of the father wolf, who was attempting to lead them away.

The pups were large, about eighteen inches high, but they were relatively slow for their size. Right then and there we decided that these wolfkins could be caught, so after them we went as fast as we could go.

After a mile-hard chase, one lagged behind, surely tiring. It suddenly turned and lunged at my leg but bit the steel of my shotgun instead. With two broken teeth and a new spurt of energy off it raced again, I in hot pursuit. Once again I cornered the pup but this time left it for Stu, following close on my heels, and went after another that appeared fatigued.

The male wolf leading but two pups now had greatly outdistanced us. The threesome entered a long valley occupied by two fairly large groups of musk-oxen separated by several hundred yards of hummocky tundra. Upon seeing the wolves the shaggy ungulates bunched,

The battered head of this bull musk-ox clearly indicated that it had been mortally wounded or killed in battle with another musk-ox. The wolves devoured the remains, including the bones.

A friendly docile Arctic Wolf pup.

forming two separate musk-ox squares. The wolves simply passed between them and disappeared at the far end of the valley. They were seen no more.

Pursuit of my wolf pup continued unabated. Up and down one slope after another it went until its undulating flight ran out atop a broad ridge. And just when I had the pup at bay the she-wolf appeared. She was running hard for us, her tongue flashing black as she came.

Taking no chance on an all-out assault by a distraught female wolf, I double checked the shotgun. It was ready this time. What happened next was hardly predictable. The big wolf skidded to a full stop and whined pitifully. Ambling around the pup and me, she whimpered and emitted strange ululations. There were no fierce snarls—not even one good growl.

With a burst of hidden energy the wolfling raced off with its mother, but the ensuing chase proved a short one. Thoroughly done in, the pup bared its fangs and sat down, this time in the bottom of a gully. Very carefully I reached behind those gaping jaws and clutched the nape. The long and spirited flight was over. All of its pent up fears and enmity ebbed away.

A vicious whelp no longer, it was now a friendly, docile, cuddly puppy. The she-wolf lost spirit, too, the moment

Slowly she raised her head skyward and howled—low melancholy howls more chilling than the arctic air.

I grasped her youngster. With three great jumps she cleared the gully wall and stood above us. Slowly she raised her head skyward and howled—low melancholy howls more chilling than the polar air. Then she was gone.

With my arms full of baby wolf I started back along the frozen gully bottom, turned a corner and met Stu. Gasping for breath, a wolf pup cradled in his arms, he had the appearance of a frustrated person just relieved of a lot of anxiety. From afar he had seen me follow the wolves into the very bowels of the gully. When somewhat later only a wolf showed up, he feared the worst and his fears grew by leaps and bounds as he approached the spot where he had last seen me.

The lively weight of two wolf pups was more than we could manage, so we left one with the mother wolf who had just returned to the gully. She examined her young carefully and accepted it. Starting off again we walked right into a roosting flock of thirty ptarmigans. These arctic grouse, the first we had seen in more than a month, were in fresh winter feather. In dire need of such specimens, we shot four of the very whitest.

Stu MacDonald had nearly calmed down from all the excitement when his expression suddenly changed back to one of worry and concern. Rushing forward he cried aloud that the wolves were probably destroying the cameras he had had to abandon in my behalf. This did not seem a bit logical to me, but sure enough upon reaching the equipment we found it somewhat chewed and scattered widely, not seriously damaged, however.

At this late date the sun was appearing above the horizon less each day and we were now experiencing dark hours after a continuously lighted summer period. In a matter of days the whole region would be enveloped in constant darkness and the feeling of the arctic night was heavy upon us. Little wonder we were anxious to return to camp. Thus we started off on the long trek back to camp in the twilight, an arctic wolf in hand, packs loaded down with all kinds of camera gear, ptarmigans dangling by strings from the barrels of the shotguns slung over the packs.

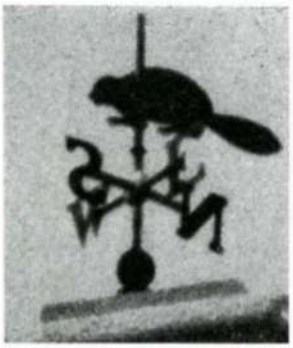
By the time we were half way to camp it was pitch dark. I was hungry and sore and not thinking about much of anything else when Stu discreetly told me to glance backwards. Following close in my footsteps was the big she-wolf, her nose touching the ptarmigans as they swayed back and forth. Incredible as it surely is, we several times had to drive that wolf off with snowballs for fear that we would lose our specimens!

The wolf followed us right into camp. Inside the tent the pup lapped milk and readily took food scraps. Then it bedded down in an empty tea crate near the stove. Over many cups of hot coffee, we skinned out the ptarmigans and wearily crawled into our sleeping bags. According to Stu the next morning, the mother wolf had remained just outside the tent most of the night.

Inasmuch as our scheduled flight back to civilization was coming up in a few days, we seriously thought of taking the arctic wolf pup with us and presenting it to some mammalogist or zoological park that would prize such a rarity. In the end we left it in its tundra home.

The big she-wolf was unafraid and would approach closely.

Since the beginning of man probably no mammal has been so grossly misunderstood and poorly managed as the wolf. Our literary heritage is richly endowed with innumerous tales on the terrors of wolves, based on ignorance and circumstantial evidence. So bad has been our thinking in this respect that the magnificent creature exists today only on the fringe of civilization or beyond. Extirpation in its few remaining haunts in the United States and Canada will be swift unless it is afforded the same protection given our other fading species. ◆



The old beaver weathervane, relic of HBC days, still turns above a building in Honolulu.

Dr McLoughlin's Tropical Trade Route

BY ALFRED L. LOMAX

Professor Emeritus of Business Administration at the University of Oregon

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY ventures are historically associated with husky, paddleswinging voyageurs, beaver pelts, pack trains, and wilderness trading posts. But as early as 1825, the Governor and Committee sitting in London, were looking beyond the fir and pine forests of the Oregon Country to the Sandwich Islands—later Hawaiian Islands—land of palm trees, outrigger canoes, and profitable trade between the two areas.

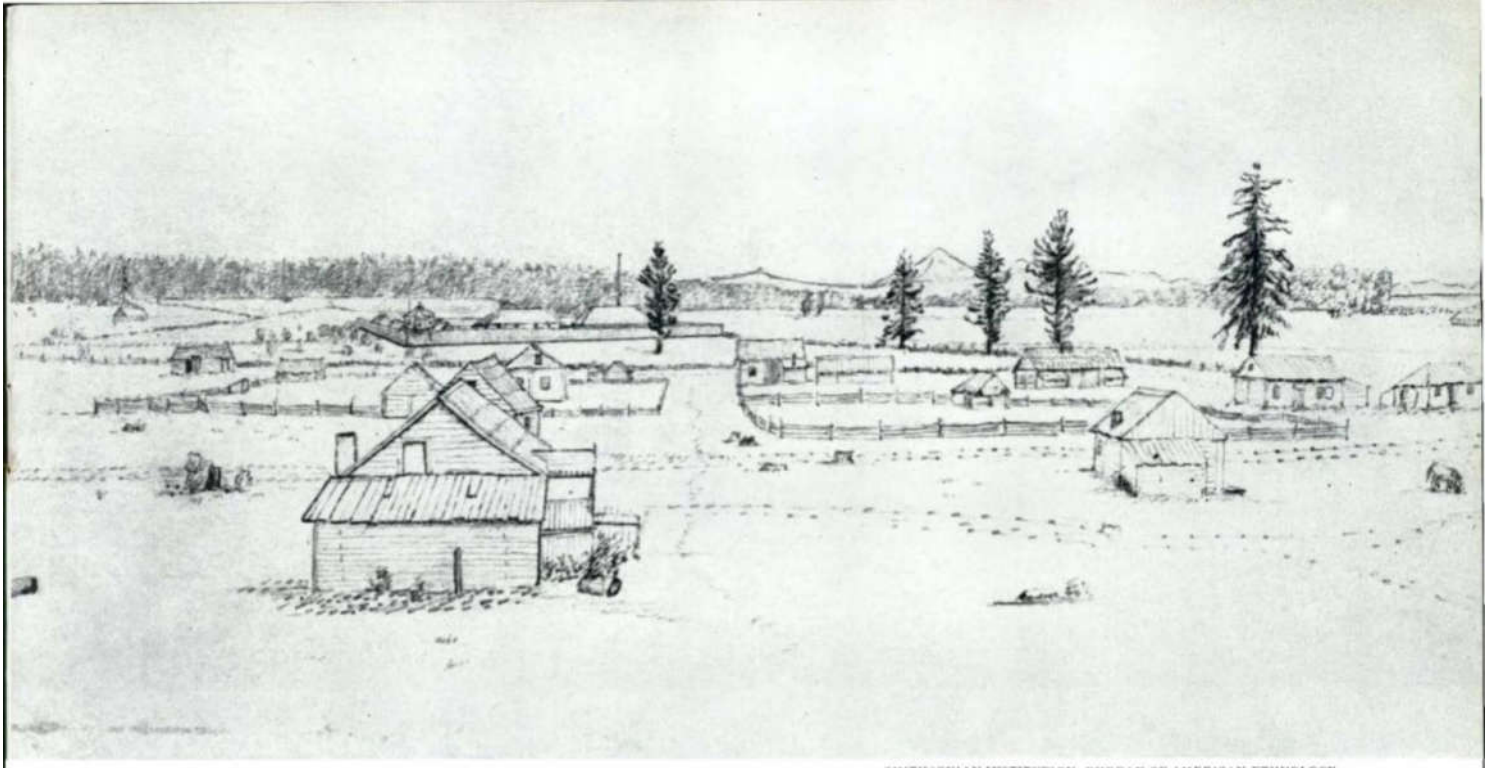
For thirty years from 1829 to 1859, the Company combined its Pacific Northwest trading post expansion policy with the commercial development of both Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River and Hawaii or Owyhee. Island-bound cargoes originated at Fort Vancouver, those for the Columbia River at Honolulu or Wahoo, and included transshipments from London.

Fort Vancouver, with Dr John McLoughlin in charge, was the most important fur entrepot in the region. It was, at the same time, a centre for less exploitative activities such as farming and livestock raising. In the eyes of the Committee, Honolulu, chief port of the Sandwich Islands, and Fort Vancouver, principal factory on the West Coast of North America, would be the termini of a transpacific trade route which appeared to have profit-making potentialities. Their attention was directed to the tropics by the threat of a small, but aggressive, American competition at Honolulu which had followed in the wake of zealous New England missionaries.

Honolulu thus became the transshipment point between London and the Columbia River. On the westbound voyage, via Cape Horn, the ships would discharge all manner of commodities required to meet the demands of the growing English and American population as well as the Hawaiians as they adopted European ways of living. The vessels then loaded the almost black, coarse sugar, molasses, salt, rice, and coffee for Fort Vancouver and the Willamette settlements composed of retired Company employees, and a few American missionaries, augmented by an increasing flow of land-hungry immigrants.

Outward bound, to Hawaii, the ships loaded the stores from Vancouver's warehouses; valuable beaver and other skins packed in protective boxes; barrels of flour from the fort's gristmill; barrels of salt salmon; well-filled bags of wool from the sheep farms at Nisqually and Cowlitz; and lumber from the sawmill situated a few miles upstream from the fort.

Able administrators at both ends of this trade route advanced not only the Company's commercial interests, but were ever alert to protect England's commercial and political position in the Pacific. Thus, while Dr McLoughlin's fur-seeking brigades were exploiting the streams and lakes of the vast area between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, the Company's head office in London established the first Honolulu agency in 1833 with the appointment of George Pelly, cousin of John Henry Pelly, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Pelly's salary was fixed at £300 per annum with permission to do business on his own account. Additional compensation of £100 would be made if Company busi-



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, BUREAU OF AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY

Fort Vancouver in 1851 with the Kanaka village west of the fort. Many Sandwich Islanders, called Kanakas, worked for the Company on the west coast. From a drawing by George Gibbs.

ness consumed all of his time. Furthermore, he would be under the direct supervision of the Chief Factor at Fort Vancouver. Pelly held this position until 1851 when he retired and returned to England.

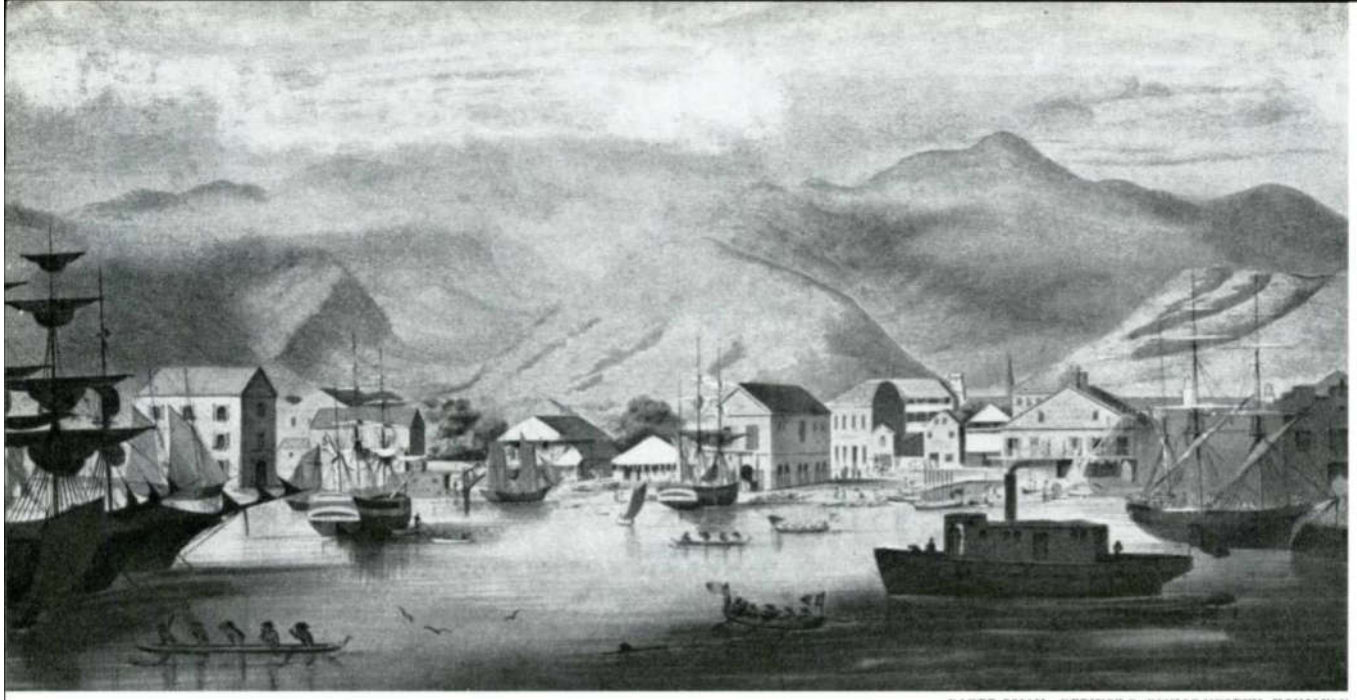
Prior to Pelly's appointment, the British Consul Richard Charlton had officiated, but as he became privately interested in the coastal trade it was thought that the Company's affairs could best be served by having its own agent.

Instituting a full-time representative strengthened the Company's position in the Islands, especially against expanding American competition, and enabled it to meet the Pacific rim market demands in China, South America, and the Russian posts in Alaska. As the business expanded in 1840-41, George T. Allan, a clerk at Fort Vancouver, was sent to Honolulu as joint agent with Pelly. In 1845, he was promoted to Chief Trader which position he held until 1847 when Chief Trader Dugald Mactavish replaced him. A year later he gave notice of retirement and formed a private trading company with Archibald McKinlay, doing business in Oregon. Other agents who followed were Robert Clouston in 1851, and finally James Bissett in 1859.

As the business outgrew the leased premises on Nuuanu Street, a two-storey coral building and warehouse were erected on Fort Street nearer the waterfront and occupied in 1846. Two years previously, the Sandwich Island agency had been removed from McLoughlin's control because of pressing local economic and political matters in the Columbia Department, and was administered directly from London headquarters or the Governor in Rupert's Land.

Honolulu had early emphasized its strategic mid-Pacific geographic position as a port of call, harbour of refuge, and place of refreshment by early fur-trading ventures such as the John Jacob Astor expedition, followed by hundreds of whaling ships and their crews during the 1820s through the 1840s. The charms of the gentle, tropical environment blended with those of the funloving Islanders to create an ideal recovery place after the long, arduous voyages in the North Pacific. It was profitable, too, as each ship left from $800 to $1,500 while the crews disported themselves on shore (much to the disgust and open resentment of townspeople and missionaries) and the captains spent their own or their companies' money for supplies, outfitting, and repairs. Ninety per cent of these vessels were under American registry.

The business which resulted was seasonal, whereas the foreign trade carried in Company ships and those of other countries was by contrast more enduring if less voluminous, as it reflected the market needs of consumers in Hawaii and the entire Pacific Coast of North America. In this trading picture were the Hudson's Bay Company, the Russian American Company in Alaska and California, and the Americans infiltrating into the Willamette Valley in Oregon, California, and the Sandwich Islands. The Hudson's Bay Company dominated this business and either owned or chartered the ships which plied between London, Honolulu, and the West Coast.



BAKER COLLN., BERNICE P. BISHOP MUSEUM, HONOLULU

Warehouses and shipping at the port of Honolulu in 1857, from a lithograph by G. H. Burgess.

Chief Factor McLoughlin was given full authority over maritime matters on the Northwest Coast, including Hawaii, from the day of arrival of the ships at the Columbia River until their final departure. To assist him, Aemilius Simpson, a former naval lieutenant, was dispatched from London in 1826, to become the head of the marine department, a position he held until his death in 1831. His services both as a navigator and a trader were valued highly by McLoughlin who sorely missed his administrative abilities in the development of the northern posts.

Among the vessels owned by the Hudson's Bay Company were the brigs *Dryad, Eagle, Isabella, Lama, Nereide,* and *William and Ann*; the barques *Ganymede, Columbia, Cowlitz* and *Vancouver*; the schooners *Cadboro* and *Vancouver*; and the sloop *Broughton*. The latter (30 tons) and the schooner *Vancouver* (60 tons) were built at Fort Vancouver, the former for the river service only, and the *Vancouver* for the coastal runs.

Most of the fleet was purchased in England and saw service between London, the Columbia River, the northern forts, and the Sandwich Islands. The *William and Ann* and the *Isabella* both were lost at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1829 and 1830, respectively. Such losses were a severe blow to McLoughlin who depended upon the spring visits of these vessels to bring needed supplies and trade goods for the various stations.

Special interest centres in the American brig *Lama*, of Boston, a 145-ton vessel 76 feet 6 inches long and 19 feet 6 inches beam. McLoughlin had authorized Duncan Finlayson to purchase her as she lay in Honolulu harbour, which he did for $5,000 (exchange rate of 5 shillings to the dollar) or £1,250 sterling, of which £750 came from the sale of lumber and salt salmon off the *Eagle*. The balance of £500 was paid by draft to a Mr Seth Barker and charged against the Columbia Department. The unusual feature of the transaction was that McLoughlin acted on his own initiative in purchasing the vessel with full knowledge that he would be reprimanded for such an act, as it was contrary to Company policy to buy foreign-built ships. He received the reprimand but later was commended as he had acted in good faith to meet a shipping deficiency, and furthermore he got a bargain.

As part of the transaction McLoughlin persuaded the captain, W. H. McNeill, to enroll in the Company's service along with two of his officers. The captain's salary was £200 a year which was more than was paid to the Company's other masters, but less than McNeill was getting from his American employers. But McLoughlin pointed out in a letter to the home office that "these gentlemen are perfectly acquainted with the Coast, and with the trade of the natives and when it is considered how deficient our people are on these two latter points, I hope you will consider what we have done as proper". The Chief Factor's cynicism is partially explained, perhaps justified, by his knowledge of drunkenness among some of the ship's captains, concerning which he openly complained in his letters to the Committee. McNeill served his adopted employer long and faithfully, and was honoured by the title of Chief Factor several years later.

As for the little steamer *Beaver* which had arrived at Fort Vancouver in 1836 under sail, as soon as she was outfitted with the paddlewheels which she had brought with her from England, she became a permanent fixture

in the Columbia River-Northwest Coast service, and later was used exclusively on the northern runs. Her long service of 52 years ended when she was wrecked at the entrance to the harbour at Vancouver, B.C., in July 1888.

Entry and departure of the little vessels (the brigs averaged only 288 tons burden) through the mighty Columbia gateway with its dangerous bar was oftentimes a hazardous undertaking which ended in tragedy. McLoughlin complains in one of his letters of the loss of the *William and Ann* and her crew. Later the *Isabella* succumbed to the treacherous surges on the bar. This situation was recognized by the Oregon Territorial Legislature in 1846 when it adopted a pilotage service law with fees, and in 1849 a Board of Harbour Commissioners on Pilots and Pilotage was appointed. The rates for both inbound and outbound ships were as follows: Outside the bar to Baker's Bay—$10 per foot for vessels not exceeding 12 feet draught, $11 per foot for vessels over 12 feet but not exceeding 15 feet, $12 per foot for vessels all over 15 feet. From Baker's Bay to Astoria or vice versa—$2 per foot for vessels not over 12 feet draught, $2.50 per foot for vessels over 12 feet and not over 15 feet, $3 per foot for vessels over 15 feet. Baker's Bay was a large indentation on the north shore of the river, just inside the mouth, and about eight miles from Astoria (Fort George) on the south shore.

Honolulu harbour on the other hand was relatively easy of access, although at times the strong northeast trade winds prevented ships from entering, and even when inside the harbour they frequently dragged their anchors. The Nuuanu wind gap in the Koolau Mountains undoubtedly was responsible for such movements. But like all ports, there were harbour dues and pilotage to be paid which applied to all ships. Dues for whalers were $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents per ton, for merchantmen 2 cents. Pilotage was $1 per foot of draught. In addition, in 1843, the barque *Vancouver* was the first ship to make customs entry under the constitutional government of Hawaii. Other costs of ship operation were the monthly wages of seamen: first mate, £6.6s.0d; second mate, £4.4s.0d; and ordinary seamen, £2.10s.0d.

The bills of lading of these ships showed that lumber was the most important cargo on the southbound voyage. In letters to the home office McLoughlin uses such phrases as "she [the *Eagle*] may be filled up in her homeward voyage with Lumber for the Sandwich Islands;" "ship on board the Ganymede what ever quantity of Deals Rafters Logs and cordwood we think proper . . . for Wahoo." Delivery of these cargoes could be made in 21 days from the Columbia River, although on one occasion the barque *Columbia* made a record run of 13 days.

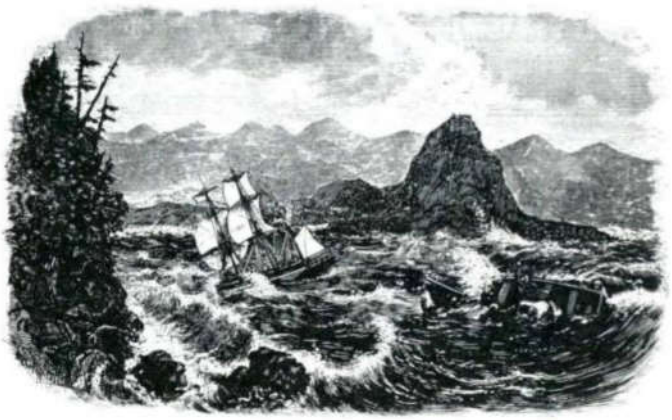
The lumber came from the Company's mill about six miles above the fort where the largest ships of the Company could ride in four fathoms of water and load their cargoes for the Sandwich Island market; also from Oregon City at the Falls of the Willamette, about thirty miles south. Most in demand were "deals", a trade term for boards or planks of softwood of varying lengths and one inch thick, which retailed for $50 to $100 per thousand board feet, or whatever the market would bear. During 1838 the price was quoted at four cents a superficial foot, and once the barque *Columbia* sailed for Wahoo with a cargo of deals billed 5,041 feet of boards, $4\frac{1}{2}$ cents, $226.84; 116,801 feet of boards, 4 cents, $4,672.04. All of the London-bound vessels carried this kind of cargo to be discharged at Honolulu, even occasionally going to Monterey, California to test that market for both deals and salt salmon, and then on to Honolulu.

Hawaii lacked good structural materials, whereas the immense Douglas fir forests of the Columbia watershed provided an unlimited source of a superior product for store buildings, houses, and bridges. Although such structural material was not termite resistant, it was easier to obtain than the local hardwoods.

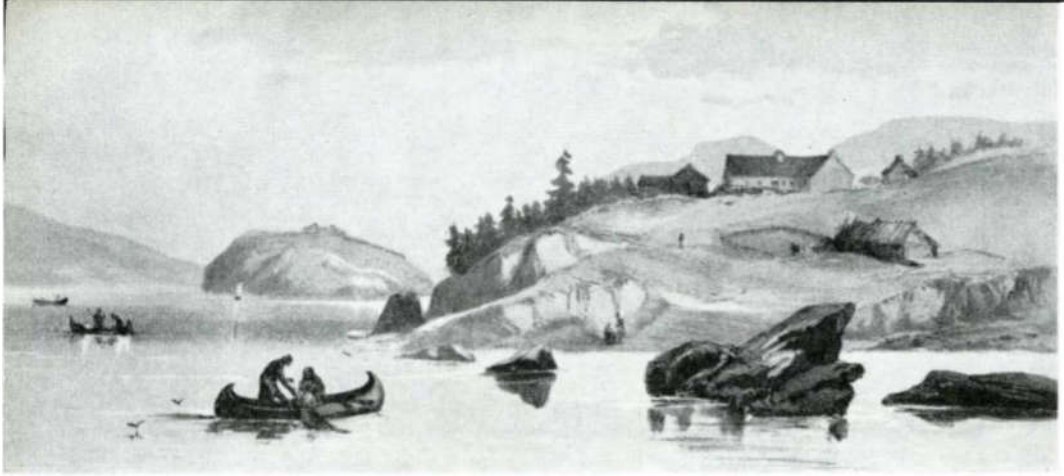
The tall, straight uncut timbers were much in demand for masts, and spars, as evidenced when the barque *Cowlitz* discharged a shipment of these, some of which measured 72 feet in length. At McLoughlin's request the *Cowlitz* had been equipped with a raft-port, a hole immediately under the counter, for loading and unloading long timbers but these extra long pieces may have been transported on deck.

Flour, a common item on the billing for both the Company and American importers, came from the gristmills at Vancouver and Oregon City. The commodity sold for $6.50 to as high as $15.00 a barrel.

In 1845 the barque *Cowlitz* manifested 752 barrels of flour at $5 a barrel; 52 M feet of deals at $15 M; 200 barrels of salt salmon, $5 a barrel; 45 spars, $5 each; 53 M shingles, $4, total invoice $5,885, which was much



Hazards of the Columbia River bar as pictured in Franchere's "Narrative."



Fort George, the former Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, sketched by Henry J. Warre in 1845.
OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

less than half of what the cargo was expected to bring, being invoiced low for import duties.

Salmon, freshly caught from the Columbia or the more northerly rivers, was salted in barrels and was in special demand by the native Hawaiians who added it to their fresh fish, fruit and poi diet. As many as 300 barrels weighing 150 pounds each would be unloaded in one shipment and sold for $5 to $9 a barrel. A shipment on the *Dryad* was billed as 252 bbls. salmon 6$, $1,512; 115 half barrels salmon 3$, $345.

An important contributor to the stream of export commodities to Hawaii, Russian America and London from Fort Vancouver, was the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, a subsidiary organized in 1839. While its ostensible objective was to produce grains, cattle, sheep and wool to supply the various posts, and for export, an underlying motive with a strong overtone of British nationalism was to promote emigration and colonization. The subsidiary was to be the administrative agency to apportion land, cattle, sheep and supplies to prospective settlers, but this phase of its operations was unsuccessful and it thereafter directed its efforts toward agricultural and livestock production on the farms at Cowlitz, Nisqually, and Fort Vancouver. From these sources wool became an item on the outward manifests to London.

Island exports to the mainland were the bulky raw sugar, molasses, rice, and salt. To sustain the salt salmon business salt was always on order from England and the Islands, with the nearest source Monterey in California. When a shortage was imminent, McLoughlin wrote that he would be forced to send a party to make it. Presumably, this had reference to evaporating sea water as Lewis and Clark had done earlier at Clatsop Beach.

It is evident that Dr McLoughlin had many administrative problems, but withal he was a shrewd trader. This involved commercial contacts not only at Honolulu, but with the Russians at Sitka and California and the Mexicans at Monterey, and Yerba Buena (San Francisco) where the Company was established in 1841. Knowledge of markets, shipping practices, and foreign finance were matters of daily routine.

American competition was of considerable concern in the fur trade with the Indians, and also in the more civilized commercial pursuits with the white settlers in Oregon and Honolulu. American competition in the Sandwich Islands paralleled that of the Company in lumber, flour, and salt salmon. It was important enough to cause Dr McLoughlin to emphasize it in his letters to the Governor and Committee. As the Hawaiian business expanded for both interests, the Americans felt that the gigantic company had monopolistic designs and that it would be only a matter of time until the Hudson's Bay Company would have complete control of all commercial enterprises in the Islands. There was evidence of this in the Willamette settlements, although the Company's representatives had been generous in aiding the poverty-stricken immigrants as their wagon trains rolled onto the unspoiled lands on the verdant valley. This monopolistic situation never materialized although there was some foundation for it in view of the fact that American ships had many years earlier been driven out of the lucrative Northwest Coast fur trade in a squeeze play by the Russian American Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company.

There were several retail stores and wholesale firms operated by Americans in Honolulu, among them one Grimes, Ladd & Company. The latter was located near the waterfront and had its own wharf. The aggressive Americans were disliked by the more conservative English officials like William Miller, the British Consul, who wrote that they were influential in the Hawaiian government, and the Hawaiian constitution and laws were administered by them. Pelly, the Company's agent called them "damned Yankees!", which may or may not have been the first of such epithets used against the northerners.

A prominent American personality in these early years was Captain John Couch (pronounced Cooch) who came to the Columbia River in the brig *Chenamus* from Newburyport, Massachusetts in 1843. He outfitted the ship and began trading to the Hawaiian Islands. Some of his lumber cargoes were taken on at a little sawmill located about thirty miles above Astoria. Here, the ship anchored in three fathoms of water a cable length from shore,

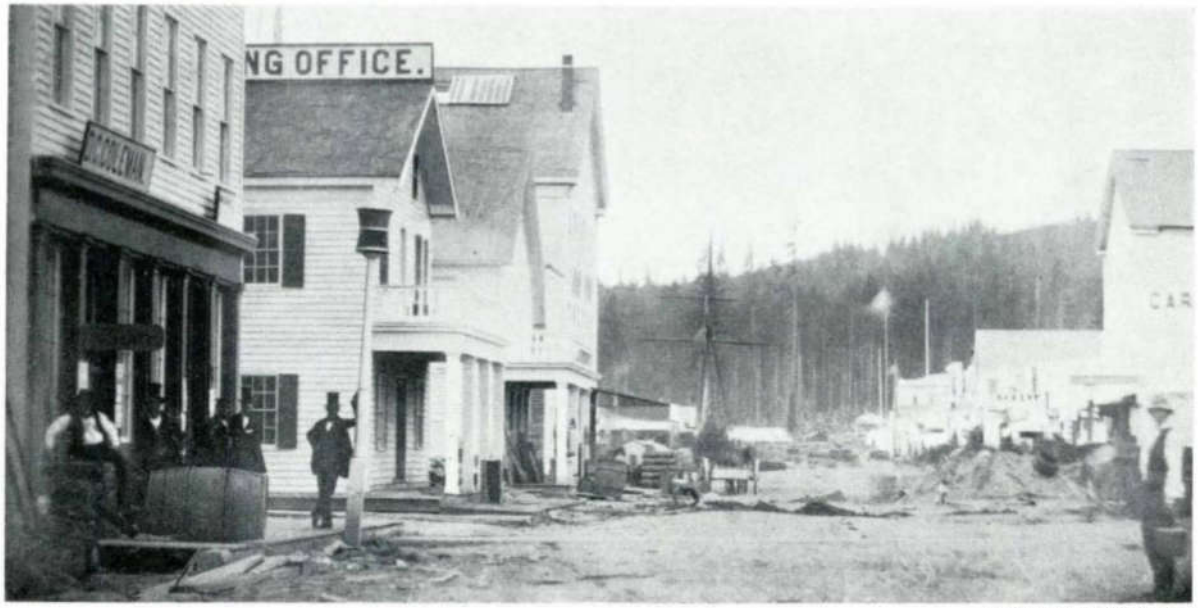
while it loaded lumber which a scow brought from the nearby mill. Sometimes the vessel would drop down to Astoria or Fort George as the place was by then more frequently called, and take on a cargo of shingles.

The most important American trader was F. W. Pettygrove of Maine, who had established a mercantile business at Oregon City in 1843. As an influential merchant and grain buyer in the Willamette Valley he always had stocks of flour available for export and was thus able to meet the Hudson's Bay Company competition in Hawaii. In a 1,000-3,000 barrel annual market, the Oregon settlements furnished approximately 41 per cent of the flour imported into Honolulu in 1847; the remainder came from the United States and Chile.

In 1845, Pettygrove moved his business to what became the townsite of Portland, Oregon, and traded there with his two ships, the barques *Toulon* and *Mariposa*. Competition reached extremes when the two companies refused to carry cargoes for each other, which petty and ungenerous rivalry extended to the trading community at Oregon City.

Although the Hudson's Bay Company was resented by many, the Willamette Valley settlers were generally dependent upon its cargoes of merchandise and supplies some of which originated as transshipments at Honolulu, and when the barque *Vancouver* was wrecked on the Columbia bar in May 1848 an acute scarcity of goods was felt by the settlers.

As the California market opened up in the late 1840s, commercial activities by both the Company and the Americans were partly diverted to that area. By 1854 shipping to the Islands had declined. The Treaty of 1846 had set the boundary line between the United States and British North America at 49°. As the Oregon Country became more thoroughly Americanized, the Company retreated across the line and made its headquarters at Fort Victoria, British Columbia. By 1859 it had decided to retire from the Hawaiian Islands, and when James Bissett and family left for Victoria on the *Jenny Ford*, he was the last representative of the great company of adventurers at their tropical post. Bissett's departure on 20 August 1860 marked the end of an era in transpacific trade. It also was the forerunner of large-scale commercial enterprises which involved the export of sugar and pineapples eastbound to populous Pacific Coast markets, and the movement of quantities of lumber and Pacific Northwest flour westbound down the Columbia River as in the old days, to meet the building and food requirements of the present populous Hawaii, the fiftieth state of the Union. ◆

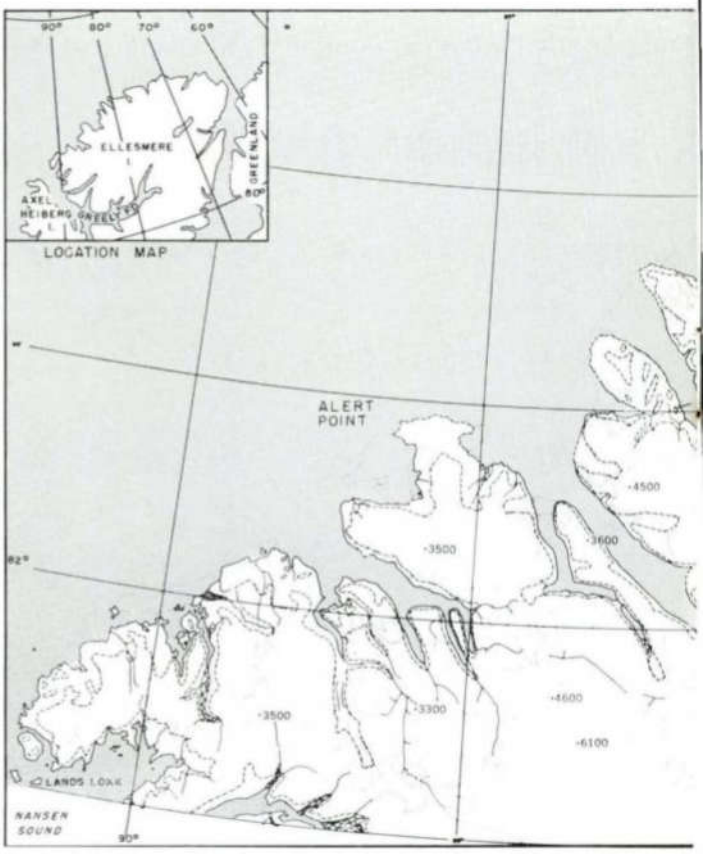


OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Portland, Oregon, in 1852 looking south to the waterfront where the upper part of a brig is visible. This settlement on the Willamette at its confluence with the Columbia was named in 1845 by Pettygrove after the city in Maine.

BY G. HATTERSLEY-SMITH

Captain Nares' amateur dog-drivers.



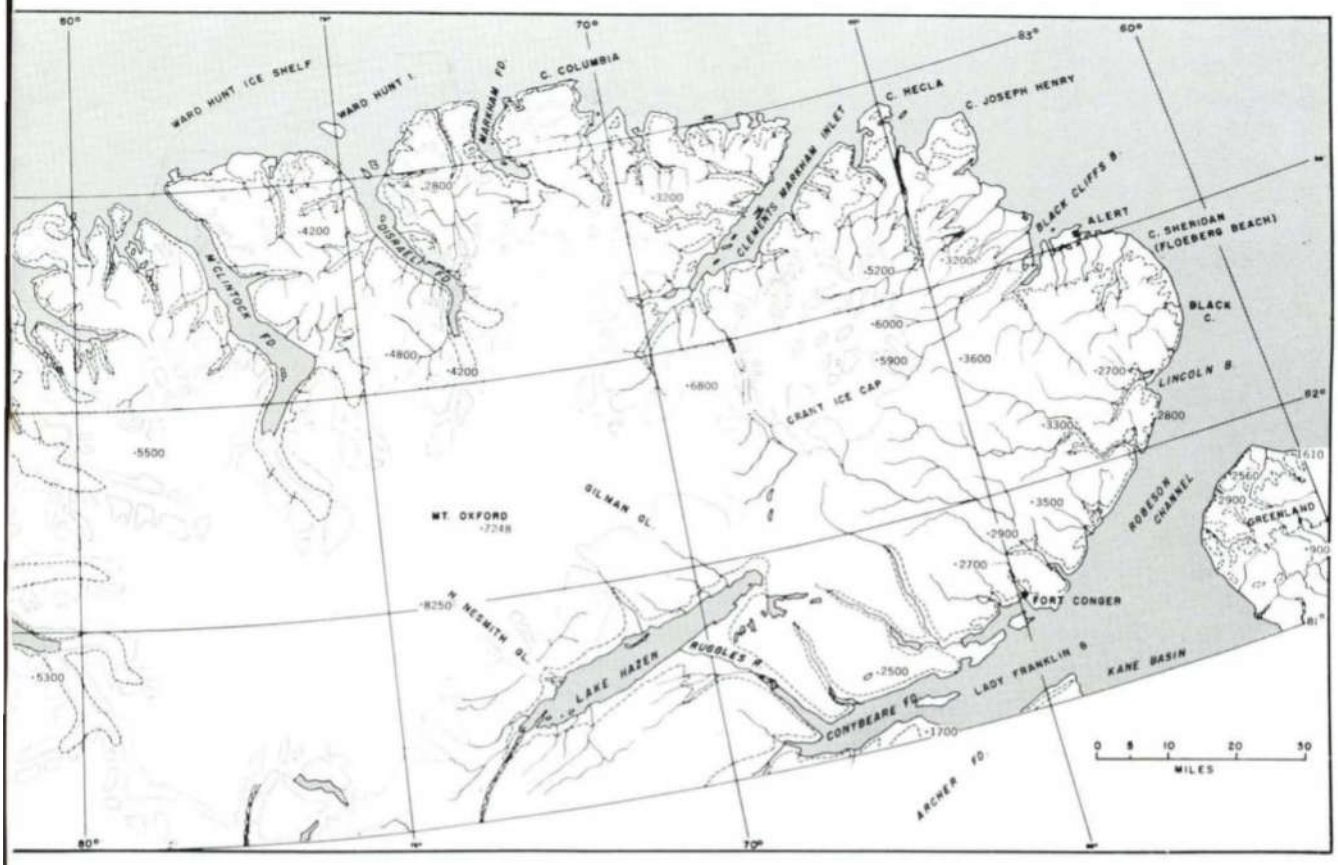
EXPLORATION AND RESEARCH IN

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO the white man first came within sight of northern Ellesmere Island. It may be of interest to review the objectives, methods, and achievements of the expeditions which have since visited this most northern region of Canada, although in a short article the treatment is bound to be cursory and selective.

In 1861, I. I. Hayes, an American surgeon, claimed to have reached Lady Franklin Bay by sledge from his winter quarters at Port Foulke in northwest Greenland. He had gained Port Foulke the previous summer *via* the Smith Sound route pioneered by his countryman Dr E. K. Kane in 1853-5, on one of the Franklin search expeditions on which Hayes himself had served. There is some doubt as to whether Hayes's claim is justified, but in any case he must have sighted the mountains of northern Ellesmere Island. Ten years later another American, C. F. Hall, reached the high northern latitude of 82° 11′ at the mouth of Robeson Channel in his ship the *Polaris*, but he died the same year at his winter quarters in that northwest corner of Greenland which bears his name. Although the *Polaris* expedition spent another adventurous summer and winter in north Greenland, they explored no further to the north than the ship had reached, but they did succeed in sketching the north coast of Ellesmere as far west as Cape Joseph Henry. The words "... following in his footsteps, have profited by his experience" were inscribed over Hall's grave by the British who were the next visitors to that lonely shore, and sum up the way in which one expedition after another in those days forged a little further into the unknown country. The chimera of an "open polar sea" drew them on, but hopes of reaching the North Pole, such as Hall entertained, had to be satisfied by the attainment of a "furthest north" and the charting of new shores.

With the same aspirations and prospects, the British Arctic Expedition under Captain G. S. Nares sailed from England in 1875. There were two ships in the expedition —the *Alert* commanded by Nares and the *Discovery* commanded by H. F. Stephenson. This was the last of the great Royal Navy expeditions to the Arctic in the old style on which the best professional sailors turned to the ice-floes and snow-covered lands, and there accomplished prodigies of endurance, although by native standards and by the standards of explorers soon to follow their methods were crude and amateurish. Even in 1875 the tide had turned. Years earlier, M'Clintock had

Veteran of nine expeditions to Northern Ellesmere, Dr Hattersley-Smith, who is with the Geophysics Section of the Defence Research Board, led his first party to the area in 1953.



NORTHERN ELLESMERE ISLAND

successfully used dogs on some fine sledge journeys, and Hall and Schwatka had already adapted native methods of travel to their own ends. But it was the turn of the century before the tide began to run full flood. The Nares expedition marked the end of an era in the Arctic, although the Royal Naval tradition was to have a profound effect on the course of Antarctic exploration in the years to follow.

In September 1875 Nares forced the perilous passage of Kennedy and Robeson channels which Hall had pioneered and where, in the later words of Rasmussen, "the . . . ice works loose during the short period of transition in August and September, when sudden autumn storms fight with the short Arctic summer". The *Alert* was held in winter quarters off Floeberg Beach in latitude 82° 24′ N, a few miles east of the modern weather station named after the ship. This latitude became the furthest northing of any ship under her own power in North American waters until United States icebreaker operations in 1948, but the record was equalled by R. E. Peary's *Roosevelt* in 1905 and 1908. Consummate seamanship marked these early passages through channels where even modern icebreakers have been sternly tested. The *Discovery* wintered off the north shore of Lady Franklin Bay in the harbour named for the ship, and so avoided the heaviest of the polar ice which lay to the northward. While the *Alert* provided a suitable base for a foray northward over the pack ice and for the exploration of the north coast of Ellesmere Island, the *Discovery* was similarly placed in relation to the fiords leading off the channels between Ellesmere Island and Greenland. Communication between the two ships was made on two occasions by difficult sledge journeys around the coast. A satisfactory overland route between the two winter quarters was not known to these first explorers, although one was discovered by Peary's men who came later.

Greenland dog-teams were carried by both ships, but limited use was made of them due to the complete inexperience of officers and men in handling them, to canine disease, and probably to poor selection of the dogs in the first place. The early experience of heavy going and broken sledges in the rough pack ice of Robeson Channel must have strengthened the sceptical attitude of the officers towards travel by dog-team. All the main journeys were made with hand sledges, massive oak affairs pulled by the sailors. Tents, duffle sleeping-bags, cookers,

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H.M.S. "Alert" at Floeberg Beach in the spring of 1876 photographed by the assistant engineer, George White, and (above) clothing and equipment of Nares expedition recovered in 1953 from the original cache near Alert.

shovels, etc.—all those items which made up the so-called "constant weights"—were heavy and clumsy. With the meagre allowance of fuel in the form of stearine, icing problems were acute, and weights of tents and sleeping-bags were found to be far from constant. And in the early spring the men shivered in their bags at night. It is difficult now to imagine the hardships of these journeys, or to appreciate the strict regard for naval discipline, procedure and parlance which stands out so grotesquely in the sledging journals of the expedition. It is nevertheless true that only the discipline of a great service could have brought the men through with the equipment which they had.

From the *Alert* in the spring of 1876, a northern party under Cmdr A. H. Markham set out to achieve a "furthest north" over the pack ice, and a western party under Lieut P. Aldrich set out to explore the north coast of Ellesmere Island. The most hampering factor to the northern party was the extreme roughness of the pack ice; men and sledges floundered in the deep soft snow between the hummocks over the thirty miles travelled northward from Cape Joseph Henry to latitude 83°20′N. The western party were far more fortunate with surface conditions, for their route to Alert Point and back took them inside the limit of the rough pack ice. But in lee areas near the shore, where the snow had not been hardened by the wind, they suffered the exhaustion and frustration of standing pulls on the sledges from a knee-deep position. From the *Discovery*, sledge parties explored Conybeare and Archer fiords, and, in Greenland, Petermann Fiord, where a party under Lieut L. A. Beaumont journeyed along the north west coast for about 50 miles east of Robeson Channel. None of the parties from either ship carried snowshoes, which is a reflection of the fact that in the Central Arctic, where naval expeditions had previously explored, snow-shoes would seldom have been useful. Parties from both ships suffered from scurvy because the prime importance of eating fresh meat was not realized. It is significant, however, that none of the officers was afflicted perhaps due to a combination of more sensible feeding habits, better quarters, and lighter work. The incidence of scurvy cut short the expedition by a year; no doubt a second year's sojourn, as planned, would have resulted in journeys into the interior of northern Ellesmere Island and perhaps in the discovery of Lake Hazen. As it was, the expedition returned to England towards the end of 1876 with a "furthest north" to its credit, and with several hundred miles of new coastline charted. The northing attained beyond the ship, 56 miles, was pitifully small compared with the hardship and suffering of 500 miles of relaying. The journey of Aldrich stands out as the most enduring geographical feat of the expedition, but it was accomplished with the finest margin between success and complete disaster. Scientific work was carried out by the two naturalists and three surgeons of the expedition, and

The northern shore of Lake Hazen, discovered by Greely.

produced useful geological data, important collections of the flora and fauna, and valuable meteorological logs from the winter quarters of the two ships.

For the International Polar Year of 1881-2 the United States Army organized an expedition to Lady Franklin Bay in northern Ellesmere Island. A. W. Greely, the leader, was ordered to establish a scientific station north of latitude 81°, and to conduct exploratory sledge journeys. The expedition was landed in September 1881 on Discovery Harbour where a house was built; the station was named Fort Conger. The highlights of the exploratory work were the journeys led by Lieut J. B. Lockwood and by Greely himself. In 1882 Lockwood achieved a "furthest north" of 83°24′ on the north Greenland coast, surpassing the latitude record of Markham by four miles and exploring the coastline for 120 miles beyond Beaumont's farthest point; and in the following year he crossed Ellesmere Island from the head of Archer Fiord to the head of Greely Fiord. On these journeys very successful use was made of dogs with the help of one of the two Eskimos attached to the expedition. In the spring of 1882 Greely led a party to the head of Chandler Fiord and up the valley of the Ruggles River; he discovered Lake Hazen and visited the terminus of the Henrietta Nesmith Glacier. In the summer of the same year Greely travelled the southern shore of this great lake, more than 200 square miles in extent, to its western end and some miles beyond; on this journey his party made surprising but fairly efficient use of a hand-cart. Throughout two years at Fort Conger valuable meteorological, magnetic, pendulum and tidal observations were made, along with extensive collections of the fauna and flora, and of archaeological material. All these achievements were overshadowed by the tragedy which beset the party in their third winter, after the relief ships of two summers had failed to reach Fort Conger.* In August 1883 Greely according to instructions was forced to organize a retreat down the iron-bound east coast of Ellesmere Island, leaving behind much of the scientific collections. Winter overtook the party at Cape Sabine, 200 miles to the south, and of twenty-six men only seven survived starvation and extreme hardship to see the

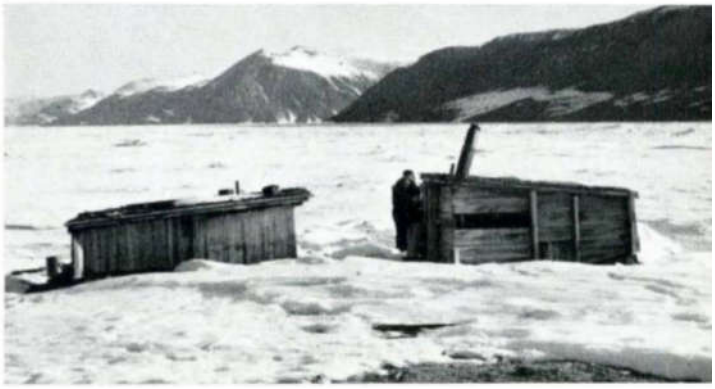
The Beaver, Autumn 1961.

G. W. RICE

Eskimo Jens with Greely at Fort Conger.

G. W. RICE

Fort Conger 1881-3 and, below, (in 1962) huts made by Peary from the remains of Greely's House.



Rough going for sledging travellers on Peary's expedition.

Below: the monument erected in 1909 at Cape Columbia to mark the point of departure and return of Peary on his North Pole journey.

Photographs by Robert E. Peary, © Robert E. Peary, Jr., and Marie Peary Stafford, Courtesy National Geographic Society.

relief ship in June 1884. The cause of the tragedy lay with the indecisiveness of the U.S. Secretary of War, with the inexperience and lack of resolution on the part of captains of relief ships, and with the unrealistic and too rigid orders given to Greely, which left him without the option of spending a third winter at Fort Conger. If the party had remained at Fort Conger they could all have survived by judicious use of remaining supplies and of local game. But Greely was the last man to disobey orders. He was in fact something of a martinet, and partly for this reason was often at odds with several of his key men. If he lacked the personal touch which could quell dissension and evoke implicit trust from his men, yet through the stark horrors of the third winter and spring he held his dwindling party together by sheer force of example in stoicism and selflessness. The discoveries and scientific observations of the expedition are his worthy memorial.

In 1898 there came to northern Ellesmere for the first time the man who set the pace of Arctic travel for the next fifty years by unremitting attention to expedition detail and restless drive towards his chosen goals. Robert E. Peary served his apprenticeship in the harsh school of north Greenland, learned there the methods of dog-team travel from the Smith Sound Eskimos, and moulded their methods and equipment to serve his purpose. He introduced a professionalism into polar exploration epitomized by the "Peary system", which demanded a sledging outfit of the best possible materials ruthlessly streamlined to one end, that of achieving the maximum number of miles a day over the ice of the Arctic Ocean. Before he reached the North Pole, he became the first to cross the ice cap of north Greenland, the first to reach the northernmost point of Greenland, and the first to travel along the

COURTESY LORD SHACKLETON

Moore at the summit of Mount Oxford on the first ascent in 1935 and (right) an aerial view of the icecap.

MT. OXFORD ↑ RCAF

COURTESY LORD SHACKLETON

The Oxford University 1935 party approaching Gilman Glacier, and Canadian '61 camp at 5,500' in front of Mt Oxford.

whole north coast of Ellesmere Island. It was a tribute to his formidable personality and command over the Eskimos that he was able to organize a migration of picked men with their families to the north coast of Ellesmere Island on his last two expeditions in 1905-6 and 1908-9.

From 1898-1902, he used Fort Conger as a forward base from where the Eskimo hunters on this and his later expeditions exploited the game preserves of the Lake Hazen area. It was a mark of Peary's professionalism that no sentiment deterred him from drastically adapting Greely's old winter quarters to his needs. In 1902, he made his first foray along the north coast of Ellesmere Island, and leaving the land at Cape Hecla his first journey northward over the pack ice to be thwarted by open leads in latitude 84°17′N. Returning to the area in 1905, he wintered his ship the *Roosevelt* hard by where the *Alert* had wintered off Floeberg Beach. The following spring he reached latitude 87°06′N with his Eskimos, but was again forced back by open leads. His defeat appears only to have spurred him late in the season to make his traverse of the north coast of Ellesmere Island, and across Nansen Sound to Axel Heiberg Island, thus linking the surveys of Aldrich with those of the Sverdrup expedition *via* Nansen Sound. (The notable explorations of Sverdrup in Ellesmere Island between 1898 and 1902 were in the area south of that covered in this article.) The return journey was made during the height of the melt season with men, dogs and equipment constantly soaked by the icy water of pools and streams on the surface of the shore-fast ice; this must rank as one of Peary's hardest journeys.

In 1908-09 Peary again wintered the *Roosevelt* off Floeberg Beach, and by his success on the North Pole journey* demonstrated for all time the perfection of his system of travel on exploratory journeys of great length. Yet, after his last triumphant battle with the drifting floes, Peary himself held the vision of a future when "aeroplanes . . . could alight on the firm level 'glacial fringe' at Cape Columbia, unload their supplies . . . and be back at their base in less than a day." Although Sir Hubert Wilkins found the mountains near Cape Columbia, looming through the undercast, a useful navigational aid on his great flight from Alaska to Spitsbergen with Eielsen in 1928, it was not until 1952 that a reconnaissance aircraft of the United States Air Force made the first landing there.

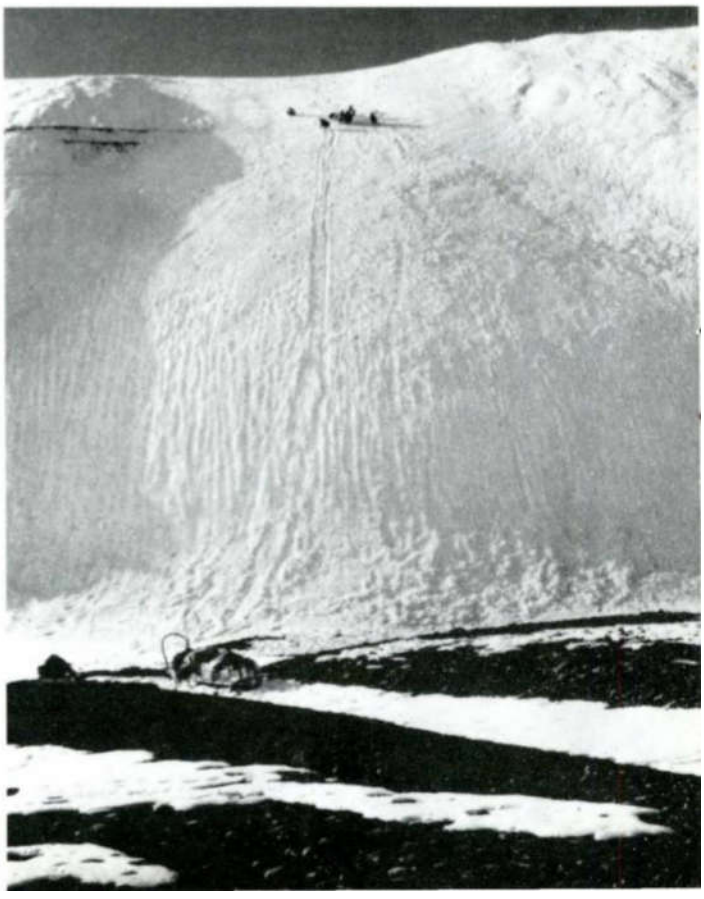
In 1915 the Lake Hazen area was traversed by W. E. Ekblaw of D. B. MacMillan's Crocker Land Expendition; he returned with two Eskimos from the west coast of Ellesmere Island *via* Greely Fiord and the south shore of the lake. But the great expeditions of Knud Rasmussen

**The Beaver*, Summer 1961.

and Lauge Koch in the years during and after the First World War, following the Smith Sound—Robeson Channel route to north Greenland, by-passed northern Ellesmere Island, except that in 1921 Koch spent a week at Fort Conger to rest and feed his dogs. Both these famous scientist-explorers paid their tributes to those who had preceded them into this hard-won territory. On the north coast of Greenland in 1876 Beaumont and his sailors from the *Discovery* had made a particularly difficult passage while in the throes of sickness and exhaustion, and Rasmussen later wrote: "How they managed . . . to haul the sledge up over Gap Valley is a complete mystery to all of us who have seen that stony pass . . . [We] can only bow our heads in respect for those who did it." And as a commentary on the efficiency of the Peary system of travel, Koch recently recorded that for his work in north Greenland between 1913 and 1923 "the equipment was in all essentials like that used on Peary's last sledge journeys".

In 1919-20, when Roald Amundsen was attempting to sail across the Arctic Ocean in the *Maud*, Rasmussen arranged for emergency depots to be laid for him in northern Ellesmere Island by Eskimos from the Thule station. After the plans for the expedition had been completed, Godfred Hansen, a captain in the Royal Danish Navy, offered to lead the expedition for he felt that the party should include a European; he was himself an experienced Arctic traveller who had been second mate in Amundsen's *Gjoa* on the first transit of the Northwest Passage. Hansen left Thule in the middle of March 1920, accompanied by four Eskimos, two of whom had previously served with Peary. He laid his main depots according to plan at Fort Conger (where two of the Eskimos remained for hunting) and at Cape Columbia, with a smaller depot at Cape Richardson, 80 miles east of Cape Columbia. In a report left for Amundsen at Cape Columbia and recovered in 1954, he described his outward journey as follows (in translation from the Danish): "We have arrived here via the coastal route. We followed the strait-ice to Lincoln Bay with good progress. Then we had a difficult stretch around Black Cape to C. Sheridan. We had to shift continuously from the ridge to the base of the ice-foot. From C. Sheridan everything has been running smoothly. Here and there a trifle abundant snow, but no pressure ice, just level many years old fiord-ice—and now here old sea-ice along the outer coast." In the event of a retreat by land Amundsen would be dependent on game, and Hansen assumed that he would follow the route overland to Fort Conger described to him by his Eskimos as running from the bottom of Black Cliffs Bay. He advised Amundsen to follow where possible the ice-foot of the Kennedy Channel and Smith Sound shores, since in many places it provided a better route than the heavy polar ice in the straits. His description of Fort Conger is of interest. "Fort Conger has been made into 3 small huts. The smallest has single walls—a bit leaky with scant room for 4, stove smoking. The third has no stove." Hansen's was a tremendous if little-known journey; its success was due to his powers of leadership, to the organization of Rasmussen, and to the qualities of Rasmussen's picked Eskimos of whom Hansen wrote to Amundsen:† "If you meet these men I beg you to show them your appreciation. They deserve it. For that matter these C. York Eskimos are in general excellent, at least as good, clever, brave and helpful as your Netsilik friends". The reference was to the natives of King William Island with whom Amundsen's party had wintered on the *Gjoa* expedition.

In 1930 Dr H. K. E. Krüger, leader of the lost German Arctic Expedition, and two companions journeyed north from Greenland, across southern Ellesmere Island and up Nansen Sound. In late April they paid a brief visit to the Lands Lokk area of northwestern Ellesmere Island, before heading towards the southwest and the unknown fate which overtook them. Cpl H. W. Stallworthy of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who in 1932 led a

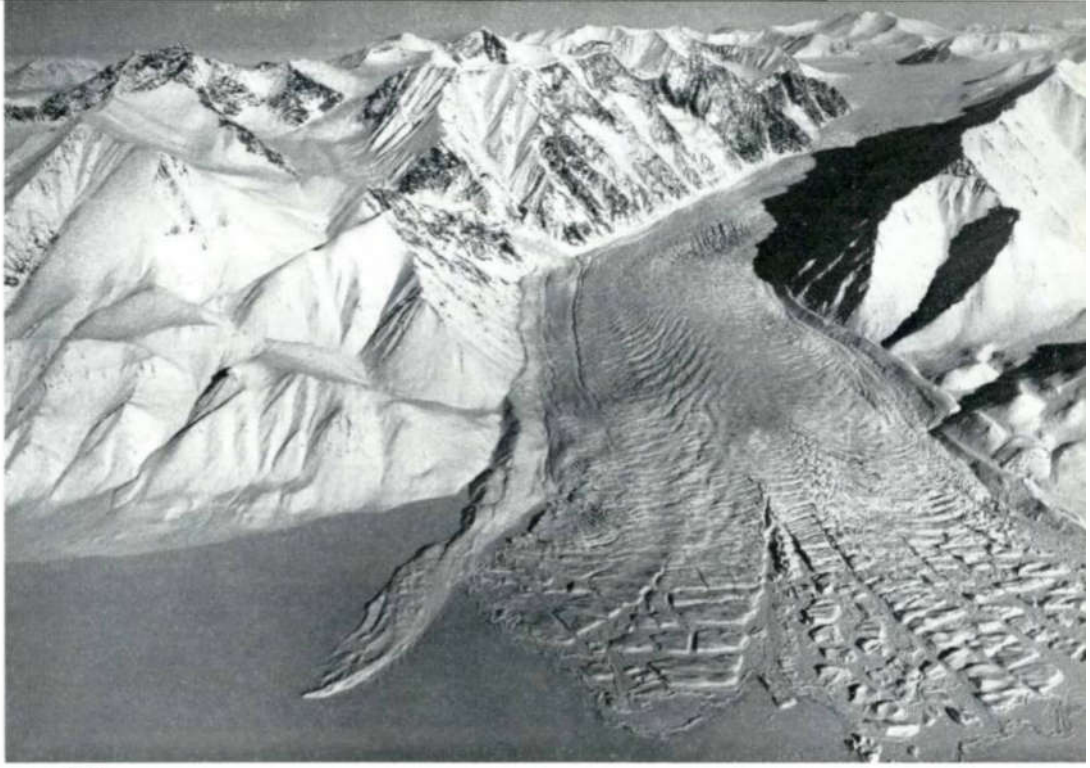


†The quotations from the letter to Amundsen are published with the permission of Admiral Hansen's daughter, Mrs. Jorgen Aabye of Copenhagen.

Left: Camp in Yelverton Inlet, June 1954, with low cloud and pressure ice ridge.

Right: Tidewater glacier on Yelverton Inlet, east of Alert Point; bergs breaking away are frozen in.

Below: Dogteam ascending Gilman Glacier snout on the 1957 expedition.



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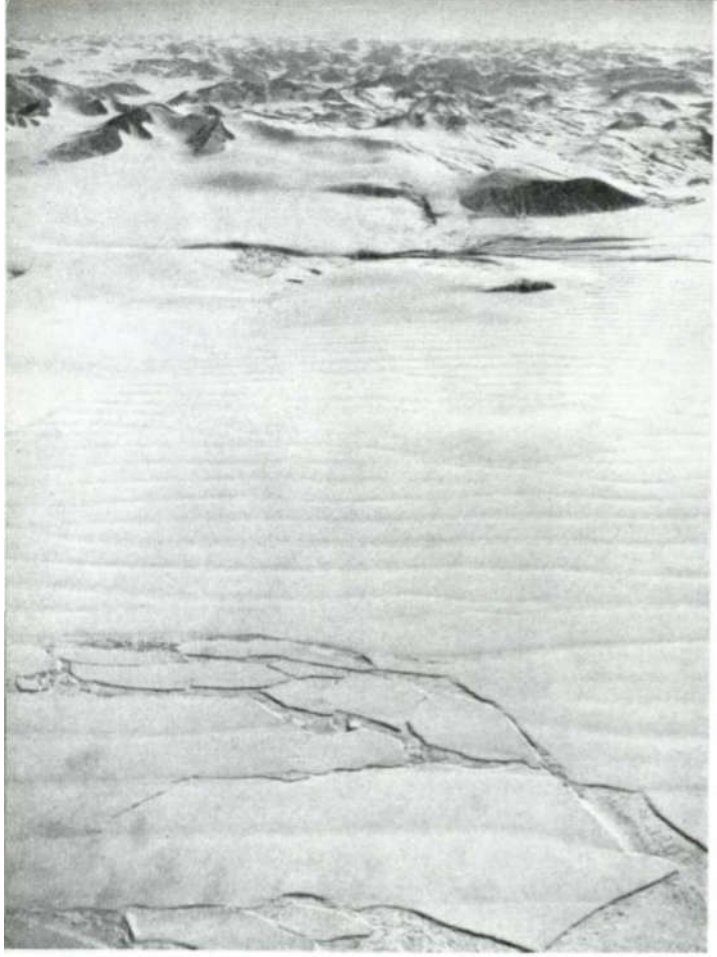
search party for Krüger around Axel Heiberg Island, provided a link between the German expedition and the Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition led by Dr Noel Humphreys which was the next to visit northern Ellesmere Island. A party comprising Stallworthy, A. W. Moore and two Thule Eskimos reached Lake Hazen by dog-team from the expedition's base at Etah in north Greenland in late April 1935. One of the Eskimos was the resourceful Nookapingwa, a veteran of long journeys with MacMillan, Lauge Koch and the R.C.M.P. From Lake Hazen Moore and Nookapingwa journeyed up to the ice cap via the Gilman Glacier, and climbed Mount Oxford which at 7,250 feet is one of the highest nunataks in the area. But the fifty miles of rugged terrain which lay between them and Cape Columbia, their ultimate objective, was beyond the compass of their far-travelled dogs and the limit of their food supplies. The return journey from Lake Hazen, where Stallworthy had maintained a fishing camp to feed the dogs, was accompanied with no little difficulty and hardship.

A crossing of northern Ellesmere Island about 50 miles south of Lake Hazen was made by Troelsen on the Danish Thule and Ellesmere Land Expedition, 1939-41, but there were no other visitors to the region until after the war. In 1948 the United States icebreakers *Edisto* and *Eastwind* made the passage of Robeson Channel, and reconnoitred the north coast of Ellesmere Island for about 30 miles, and laid a cache. In 1950, the weather station Alert was established by sea; the station is jointly operated by the Canadian Meteorological Branch and the United States Weather Bureau, and its records over the ensuing years provide the main source of information on the climate of the area. The station has been used as a base of scientific studies in various fields in recent years.

Until air photographs became available after the Second World War, the surveys of the British Arctic Expedition, and of Aldrich in particular, together with the surveys of Peary for the coastline west of Alert Point, provided the only data for the maps of the north coast of Ellesmere Island. On these early surveys often under conditions of poor visibility, it was only possible to guess the length of the fiords, most of which were shown as broad embayments. The modern maps, made from air photographs, show one of the most indented and rugged coastlines in the world, with mountains rising to more than 5,000 feet within a mile or two of the sea. There is another feature of this coast which deserves special mention. Aldrich and Peary were impressed by the way in which the snow-covered land and land ice of long stretches of the outer coast merged almost imperceptibly with the smooth fast ice, which in turn but more abruptly gave place to the rough pack ice. Thus in one place Aldrich could not "make out where the land ends and the ice begins . . . There is no crack, but the shelving land appears to blend with the ice". This remark, typical of others from the early literature, indicated something unusual about the coastline. When Peary noted that "the broad glacial fringe of the . . . coast from [Cape] Hecla westward" forms "one of the most unique and interesting features to the glacialist", he was referring to what is now called ice shelf. In the modern air photographs taken in summer the ice shelves, with their surface pattern of



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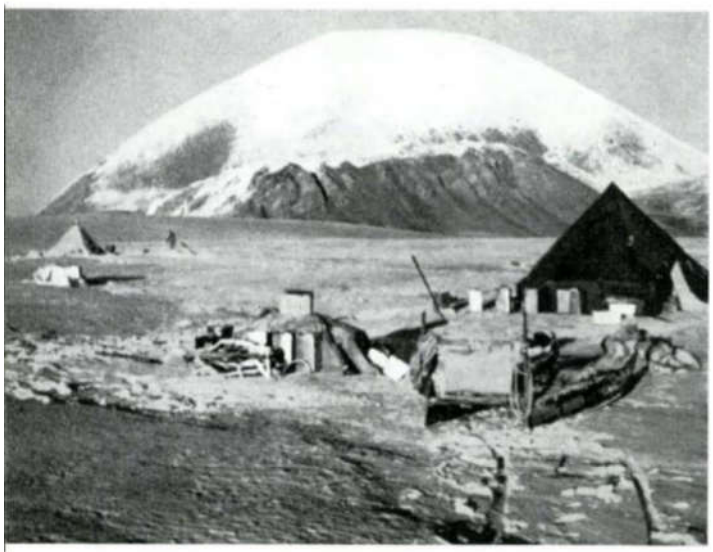
Ice shelf breaking up in June in Disraeli Fiord.



Camp on Ward Hunt Island during ice shelf investigations.

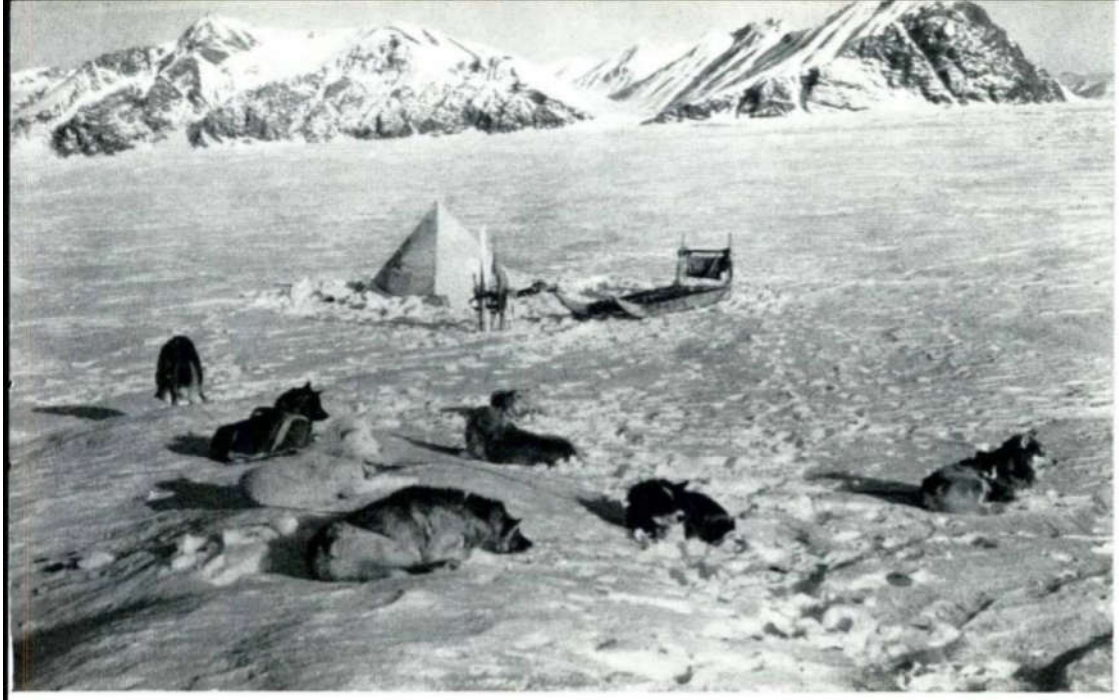
Weather station at Alert.

DEPT. OF TRANSPORT

parallel ridges and troughs, are characteristic and well-defined features of the coast, but under winter conditions they must certainly have puzzled the ground travellers of old. The air photographs provided the clue to the origin of the floating ice islands of the Arctic Ocean, which were first discovered on air reconnaissances in 1946, for these ice islands showed the same surface pattern as the ice shelf, and it was even possible to see where one such ice island had calved from the ice shelf off Markham Bay. Important scientific work has been carried out from stations on ice islands by the United States and Russia.

In 1953 and 1954, I was in charge of summer expeditions to the north coast of Ellesmere Island to investigate the ice shelves, under the direction of the Defence Research Board. The Geological Survey of Canada collaborated in both years by sending a geologist to make a reconnaissance survey of the coast, and the United States Air Force Cambridge Research Center and the United States Army Snow Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment participated in the 1954 expedition, each sending a scientist. Logistic support was provided by U.S.A.F. ski-wheel "Dakota" aircraft. By aeroplane we could leave the staging point at Thule Air Base in the early spring and cover in a few hours the same wide region which the ships of Nares and Peary, or the sledges of Hansen, had taken weeks to traverse. When once we had landed, however, we relied on the traditional method of travel by dog-team with Greenland drivers in 1953, but mainly with ourselves as drivers in 1954.

In 1953 we were based on Alert, a party of four including two young Greenlanders from the Thule district. We had intended taking only one Greenlander, but it became necessary to enlist the services of another because the fate of the single Greenlander on the Krüger expedition had not been forgotten. The surveys in this year extended as far west as Markham Bay and southward to the Grant Ice Cap. In 1954 we were landed on the ice shelf near Ward Hunt Island late in April, a party of six including two Greenlanders. The latter provided a link with two previous expeditions, for one had served on a depot journey for Lauge Koch in 1921 and the other on the Danish Thule and Ellesmere Land Expedition. They stayed with us for the first month of the season only. A large part of the scientific effort in 1954 was devoted to the Ward Hunt Ice Shelf, and included glaciological studies, seismic measurements of ice thickness and depth of water, and oceanographic work off the edge of the ice shelf. For the purpose of geological and glaciological reconnaissance two of us made the return trip by dog sledge from Ward Hunt Island to Lands Lokk, covering about 450 miles in all. A broad-runnered Greenland



Camp on M'Clintock Fiord during the 1954 expedition. Dogteams were used for travelling.

komatik was used, and the starting load including pemmican for the dogs was between 600 and 700 pounds. We averaged 20 miles a day on the outward trip, reaching Alert Point in five days and Lands Lokk in ten; we spent four days longer on the return trip for the sake of the scientific work. It is perhaps worth recalling that Aldrich reached Alert Point in twelve days from the neighbourhood of Ward Hunt Island, and Peary in seven. Other survey trips in 1954 took members of our party to Cape Columbia, into Markham Bay and Disraeli Fiord, and down M'Clintock Fiord to within ten miles of its head. During the two summers much detailed information was obtained about the ice shelves which were shown to have developed within the last 3,000 to 5,000 years, mainly from the thickening of land-fast sea ice and the accretion of snow at its surface; data on the geology of the whole north coast of Ellesmere Island became available for the first time. The scientific work in the vicinity of Ward Hunt Island was continued in 1959 and 1960 by expeditions organized by the Air Force Cambridge Research Center and the Arctic Institute of North America. With a massive airlift provided by a C-130 "Hercules" aircraft on skis, these expeditions were able to bring in the housing, vehicles, fuel, and equipment so desirable for comprehensive field studies in the modern style. While the station on Ward Hunt Island bears witness to the most recent activities along this coast, the cairns with the written records of Aldrich, Peary, Hansen, and Krüger, which we came across one by one from Alert westwards, held all the history of previous endeavour in an era that ended with the advent of the aeroplane.

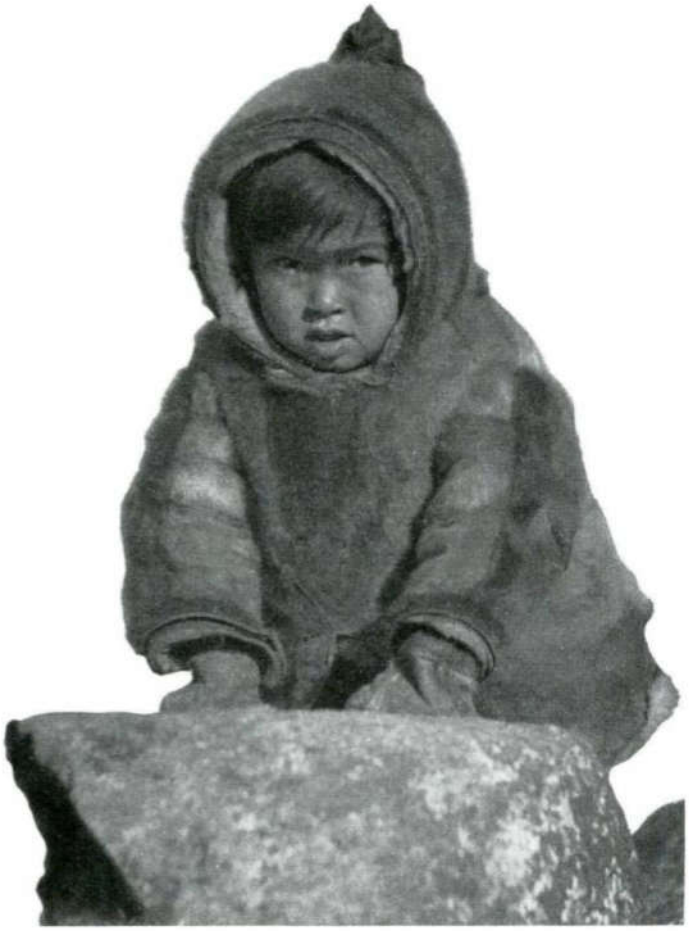
Virtually no scientific work was carried out in the interior of northern Ellesmere until the International Geophysical Year, when the Defence Research Board launched an expedition to the Lake Hazen area described in a previous article (*The Beaver*, Winter 1961). The experience gained and the work accomplished on Operation "Hazen" and from previous work on the north coast point the way to the very many problems awaiting investigation in northern Ellesmere Island, a region about as large as Scotland which offers virgin fields of scientific study for many years to come. •

Modern methods of travel as used in 1961 included light aircraft and motor toboggans.

April in Arctic Quebec

BY MARGERY HINDS

former teacher at Wakeham Bay and author of "Schoolhouse in the Arctic"



R. L. SUTTON

IT IS APRIL in Arctic Quebec. Clear sunshine tints the snow-covered landscape and the frozen sea of Hudson Strait with delicate hyperborean hues—heliotrope, blush pink and pale yellow. Strong winds have already blown some of the snow from the hillsides, leaving a few patches of exposed rock from which orange-coloured lichen glows golden in the sunlight.

Huddled together near the shore-line of a sheltered bay, almost imperceptible in the vastness, are tiny Eskimo houses, made partly of wood, partly of tent canvas and partly of snow. Children, gnome-like in their parkas with pointed hoods, are playing near the houses. From time to time they gaze longingly at the hillsides.

"Soon it will be time to look for *aira*," one of them joyfully reminds the others.

"Mmmmm!" several of them respond, as they think of the taste of the succulent root and the fun of digging this leguminous plant up in the springtime.

But Kullutu, the biggest boy, explains that it will be several more weeks before spring really arrives. His companions immediately hurl comments and questions at him.

"How can you be so sure?"

"The snowbirds have been back quite a while now."

"Aren't the women talking about mussels?"

"Look at the sun."

"The days are already long."

"The ptarmigan are migrating."

None of the children wishes to believe that spring is still several weeks away. So Kullutu decides to convince them. He puts some small pieces of ice of various sizes on a rock. Then, despite the intense coldness, he sits down on the rock and invites the others to gather round.

Kullutu licks the tip of a finger, dabs the moistened finger on a small piece of ice and lifts it in the manner in which a magnet lifts a needle.

"See!" he says. "All the time the ice will stick it's winter."

He removes that little piece of ice, moistens another finger and picks up a larger piece, one as big as a sea-pigeon's egg. But when he tries again with a piece that is still larger, he cannot even lift it off the rock.

"Spring is coming soon," Kullutu informs his audience. "Last week I could lift a bit as big as an eider duck's egg. Maybe next week only a wee little piece, as big as a snowbird's egg will stick to my finger." But the children have ceased to listen to Kullutu. They are all trying to pick up ice on the ends of moistened fingers. Small

children, those with tiny little fingers, soon find the game much too painful for their liking. Suddenly one of them looks up. "Ataata!" she exclaims, for there, walking down the landward hillside she can see her father.

"Look at all the ptarmigan he has caught!" Kullutu cries. Kumagnuak's father is still a long way off. Even so, everyone knows that he, like most of the other men, is hunting ptarmigan. The white thing he is carrying can be nothing but a big bunch of those birds in winter plumage. So off they all rush to meet him.

But having trudged up the steep hillside they have scarcely reached Ataata before their attention is attracted elsewhere. When Puli happens to turn round he looks down to see two women walking on the frozen sea among the great crags of pressure-ice. Every now and again they stop, bend over, and peer at something. Immediately Puli knows what such actions portend.

"*Uvilu!*" he shouts, causing all the children to look towards the frozen sea.

In their homes they have already heard the women talking about their favourite April activity, and now it seems the time for it has arrived. So most of the children want to join the women. The biggest ones run; the smallest, and a few of the others simply lie down and roll to the bottom of the hill, while the rest crouch low and slide, for the soles of their sealskin boots are smooth, and the hardpacked snow on the hillside is still as hard as rock.

Puli gets there first and asks the two women when they will go for them.

"It won't be long now," is the reply. "There are some quite big cracks in the ice. Maybe we'll try tomorrow, but we'll have to make sure about the tide."

Then they walk farther from the shore-line and peer into another wide crack in the thick ice.

"Is the tide in?" someone asks.

Puli, Kullutu and a few other children lie flat on their tummies on the ice to look deep down into the crack.

"Yes," says Puli. "I can see the tide water."

"It must be going out," Inulu, one of the women, remarks. "I couldn't see water at the bottom of the cracks back there." And she points towards the shore-line. She looks at her wrist-watch to check the time of the tide. Then she and her companion discuss plans.

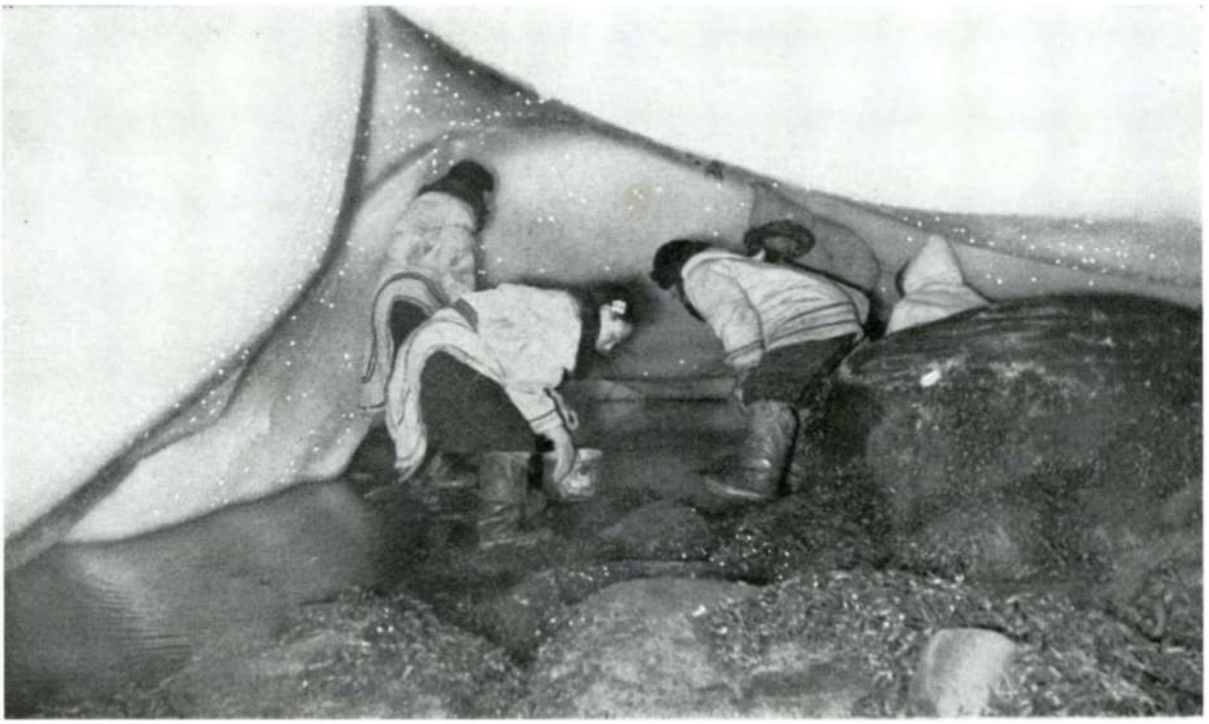
"Yes, we'll try tomorrow," they decide.

The children overhear. Off they go once more, this time to tell the good news to the women in the houses. Soon, from one tiny house after another, women emerge to hear what Inulu and Kinalik have to say.

"Maybe we can go tomorrow," Kinalik tells them. "We've found a place where we ought to be able to get

M. HINDS

These photographs were taken by Father K. Verspeek, O.M.I., beneath the sea ice at Sugluk where, as at Wakeham Bay, the tides are very high. The Eskimos had gone down through a small hole in the hanging ice, at low tide, for their spring activity of gathering mussels. Father Verspeek accompanied them and was amazed to find a big corridor glowing with beautiful colours where the sun shone on the ice outside.



through. The tide under the ice is going out now. So if we set out about this time tomorrow maybe we shall get some."

"There ought to be lots there, and we shall not be able to go when the melt-water runs off the hillsides," Inulu adds.

Everyone's face glows with happiness in anticipation of the morrow's adventure.

At the agreed time all are ready. The women are dressed in their oldest clothes. Some are wearing a pair of men's trousers with their dresses tucked inside. All are carrying pails, lighted lanterns or flashlights, and knives; a few have ice-chisels. In addition Kinalik and Inulu have axes.

This strange procession of women, followed by curious and excited children, makes its way towards the biggest crack in the sea-ice. Those with ice-chisels and axes now begin to cut footholds down one side of the five-feet-

deep ice wall on the seaward side of the crack. The children, meanwhile, look on. Bigger boys, anxious to help, take the ice-chisels and axes from the women to chop the footholds for them.

"Who's going down first?" someone asks.

"I'll go," volunteers Kushugalinga. "I'm smaller than most of you, so I'll see whether I can get through." As soon as the footholds are finished she goes down and looks under the ice.

"The water is right out," she says. "But there's not enough room to get under the ice. Pass me an axe and I'll chop a bit out of the sand."

The axe is passed. After a few minutes' chopping Kushugalinga calls out, "It's all right now."

Then she asks for her pail, lantern, and knife to be passed to her, and she reminds them what happened a year or two ago when they forgot to leave a lighted lantern at the entrance place to help them find their way out.

"I'm not going down,"old Assivaq tells them. "So you can leave my lantern there."

By this time Kushugalinga has crawled through the hole that she enlarged, and is under the ice. She continues to crawl for a short while, and then to walk crouched low. But fairly soon she can walk upright. Then she turns to see what the other women are doing.

They are all there, coming towards her. Their lanterns cast great eerie, black shadows that dance and flicker like a macabre dance, in the immense cavern. The ice ceiling, worn smooth by the action of the tides, shines with dazzling brightness where beams from flashlights and lanterns fall upon it. Here and there, where sunlight shines on patches of glare-ice outside, an iridescent glow is cast upon the sandy floor of the great cavern.

Suddenly those leading the way stand still. The one with the strongest light shines her flashlight around as though seeking something.

"Are we going the right way?" a voice enquires.

"Yes, there they are!" exclaims Itusaa, as she directs the beam of her light upon the mussel-covered rocks.

Everyone moves forward at a brisk pace. Quite soon the only sounds in that enormous cavern are the loud whispering of the receding tide in the distance, the scraping of knives against rocks, the incessant clanking of shells upon metal pails and the knocking of shell against shell.

Many mussels remain upon the rocks after the pails are full, but the women have heavy loads and are ready to begin the homeward journey. Guided by Assivaq's stationary lantern near the entrance, they soon find themselves back at the crack where the old lady and the impatient children are waiting.

The fifteen minutes or so that the mussel-seekers have been beneath the ice has seemed an interminable time to the children. No sooner have the women disappeared than the children begin to amuse themselves on the hard snow that covers the sea-ice. Some write their names in Eskimo syllabic script upon the snow with their fingers, but most of them practise hand-stands by placing their mitted hands firmly upon the snow and shooting feet and legs into the air.

For the boys this is quite simple, though few succeed in balancing on their hands for more than a moment or two. But it is another matter for the girls whose cotton dresses descend round their heads, enclosing them in a kind of bag. Such incidents bring forth chuckles of laughter from girls and cheeky comments from boys.

But Assivaq hears sounds. In a few places which are bare of snow she catches glimpses of light from lanterns and flashlights shining under the ice.

"Here they come!" she calls to the children, who rush towards her. They stand near the crack to look down. A head emerges, as the first woman begins to scramble through the small opening. Her pailful of mussels and her other things are pushed through to her and many willing hands assist from above. Soon all the women, looking rather bedraggled and serenely happy, are on top once more.

"Are we all here?" Kinalik asks, as she looks around to make sure.

In the meanwhile Kullutu, Puli and some other boys slither down to the bottom of the crack and call under the ice in big voices, "Come out! Come out!" Then they pretend to hear a monster coming. This sends the small children scurrying back to the houses and the women into peals of laughter.

Towards evening, when mussel feasts are about to begin in the houses, some of the men return from ptarmigan hunting and others come back from hunting seals that bask in the sunshine beside their breathing holes. All the hunters have had exceptionally good luck and many are the stories they tell.

But the children are most fascinated by the stories about ptarmigan. More than one secretly hopes to go up and away over the hills. Most boys of eleven and twelve years old have .22 rifles of their own and are frequently on the hillsides hunting for ptarmigan. It is the bigger girls and the small children who now have the craze.

Some days later, when all the big boys and all the men but one are away from the camp, they have their chance. But alas, there remain in the whole camp only two .22 rifles suitable for shooting ptarmigan. Irkayu and Mitik, two teenage girls, borrow them. They walk towards the

hills envied by eight-year-old Atasi and his small friends.

Suddenly a brilliant idea comes to Atasi. He calls to the girls, "Maybe if you ask my father he will let you take his team. That will save walking!"

"That's a good idea," Irkayu replies. "Let's ask him."

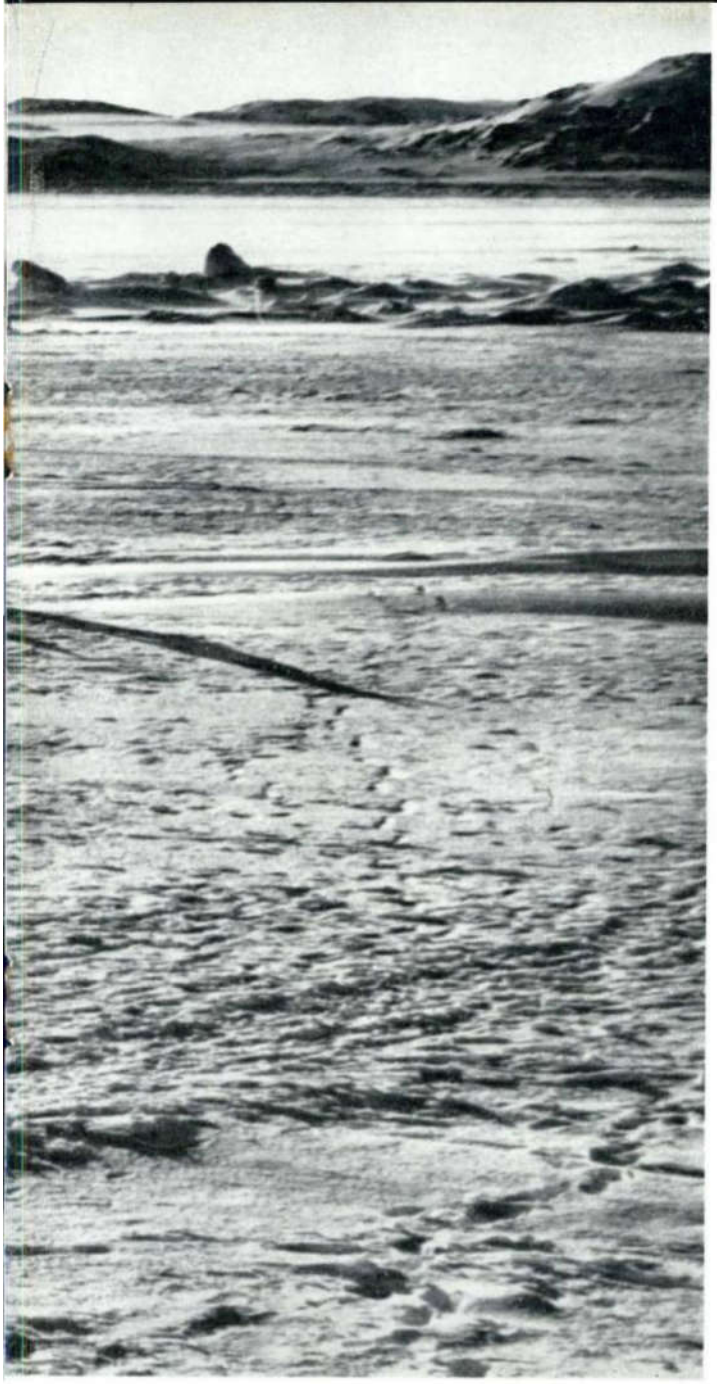
Atasi's father who is inside his house smiles to himself when he overhears this conversation. He understands well enough the restlessness which overcomes all Arctic residents at this time of year. So when Atasi, the two girls and all the other children crowd into his tiny home he has an answer ready.

"Yes, you may take my dogs and komatik, but don't let the dogs run away and don't lose the mud off the komatik runners," he tells them. Then he gives Atasi special instructions about the team.

"Maybe I'll need help," Atasi suggests. "Perhaps all these other children ought to come to help me."

His father agrees, with a smile. And after the children have had time to harness the team he goes out to see that all is in order.

The dogs move off with a tremendous load of children on the komatik. Indeed, before it has gone twenty yards



CHARLES GIMPEL

some of them are jerked off. These scramble to their feet, chase after the komatik and jump on again, a performance which is repeated twenty times or more before the girls with rifles see some ptarmigan on rocks in the distance.

"Now you must stop here with the other children and look after the team the way your father told you to," they tell Atasi. They wait until all the dogs have settled down to rest, then they turn the komatik upside down so that it will act as a brake if the dogs should suddenly decide to run away.

"I know how to look after dogs," Atasi announces. "When I go with my father I often have this job."

With that assurance, with rifles over their shoulders, the girls make their way towards the birds on the high rocks. From time to time they look back to see that all is well with the team and the children. Eventually the contour of the hills obstructs their view. From the summit they can look down over the frozen sea far away in the distance, the place where their fathers hunt for basking seals. But no one is hunting in that place today.

At first the children sit quietly on rocks, amusing one another with various little tricks. From time to time they look at Irkayu and Mitik getting smaller and smaller until at last they can no longer see them. The time now passes very slowly. Everyone begins to feel cold.

Someone starts practising hand-stands. A few who could scarcely balance themselves the last time they tried can now do much better. One or two can even walk on their hands for a few paces. What fun it is! Everyone is happy, and loud are the exclamations of joy.

Suddenly all the dogs jump up and rush off at high speed, dragging the upturned komatik with them. The amazed children stand and watch it go, then it occurs to them that they must try to stop it. The komatik hits a rock. It turns right way up and most of the mud comes off the runners. But the dogs increase their speed leaving the children far behind.

On, on go the children, the eight-year-olds leading the chase and the plump little five-year-olds struggling along as fast as their wee legs will carry them. No one cries. No one thinks of giving up that valiant effort to catch the dogs.

From the hilltop the two girls see the unaccompanied komatik travelling at speed towards the sea-ice where its owner frequently hunts. Then, far, far behind, but trotting along determinedly, they see the straggling line of children. There is only one thing for them to do. They must return to camp as fast as they can so that someone can fetch the children before they freeze.

It takes two hours for them to come within sight of the little houses of their camp. Fortunately, some of the seal-hunters have already returned. One of them is just about to unharness his team when the breathless girls tell what has happened.

By this time everyone in camp knows about it. Atasi's father and the hunter whose team is still harnessed go off together to seek the missing children and the runaway team.

All ends happily just before nightfall. No one is scolded. Adventure is part of living, and it seems that in Arctic Quebec the best adventures happen in April. ◆

Camp on an island at the junction of the Marten and Rupert Rivers

RUPERT RIVER BY CANOE

by D. A. Chant, E. E. Lindquist, J. E. H. Martin, W. R. Allen

The trip described here was made last summer by Dr Chant, then director of the research laboratory, and three research officers of the Department of Agriculture to collect insects and mites for research projects and for addition to the Canadian national collection of insects in Ottawa. Photographs are by the authors.

OUR FIRST GLIMPSE of Rupert House came after 21 days of wilderness travel that partly traced the route of one of the northern fur brigades, famous in both story and history and a major force in the economic development of early Canada. It appeared as a collection of white dots on a wooded point far ahead of our canoes on the left shore of the Rupert River where it empties into James Bay. In this setting and after our journey through one of the most remote and uncivilized forested areas in Canada, little imagination was required to conjure visions of Médart Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers, and the crew of the ketch *Nonsuch*, who founded the post and wintered there in 1668-9.

Groseilliers built a fort on the site of the modern settlement and named it after the reigning British monarch, Charles II. The fort was the first established by the group of investors, headed by Rupert of the Rhine, that in 1670 became the Hudson's Bay Company. Eventually it became the headquarters of the greatest beaver preserve in the world.

Our party consisted of four men in two canoes, all scientists with the Canada Department of Agriculture, and the train of events that brought us to the mouth of the Rupert River at the end of July, 295 years after the famous French explorer and his party, was both unusual and fortuitous. For some years Canadian scientists have been interested in the insects of the vast barren areas of the Canadian north and a great deal of time and effort have been used to collect and study them. Recently, interest in Acarina, or mites—minute, microscopic animals something like small spiders—has been added. Two of our party are specialists in this group and had often discussed northern areas that presented an opportunity to study new forms and distributions. We realized that this

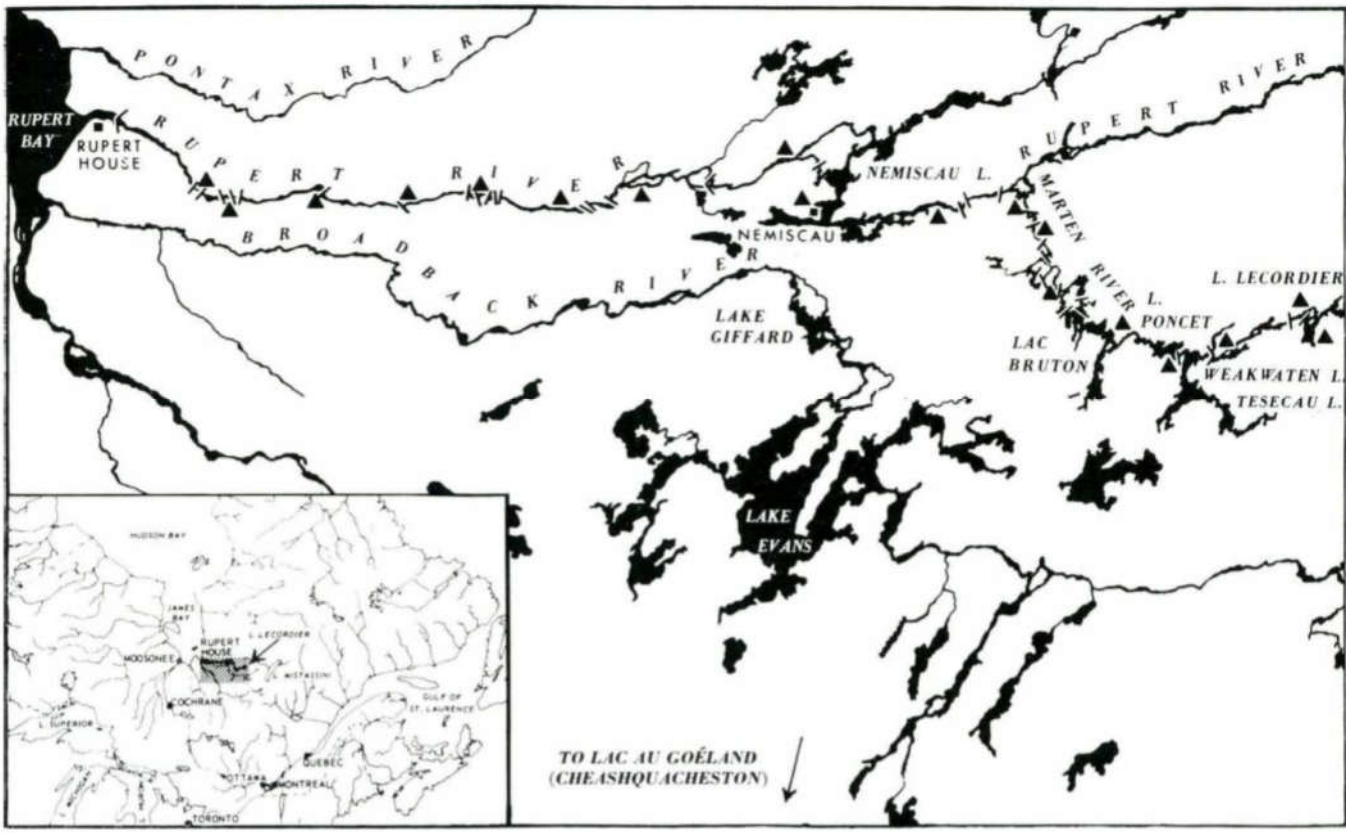
Rapids on Marten River

Speckled trout from the Marten, largest about 2½ pounds.

would require river travel and had been caught by the statement of Douglas MacKay in *The Honourable Company* that "The glory of the Bay is in its rivers. From east, south, and west fresh water pours into the basin: fast subarctic waters from Labrador, from the north slope of the Laurentians, and from the glaciers of the Rockies and the shallow valleys of the prairies". Because of our interest in Canada's early history, we were intrigued by MacKay's additional words: "These waters from mountain and muskeg became the arteries of the fur trade, and the shores of this harsh, unfriendly bay were to be the front line of the struggle for a fur empire for a century and more."

Our plans for 1963 called for collecting in Eastern Canada just below the tree line. MacKay's words convinced us that we should look to James Bay or southern Hudson Bay. The rivers he described so vividly would provide a highway for collecting insects and mites across the country and we soon settled on either the Broadback, the Rupert, or the Eastmain as our primary choices. All empty into James Bay from the east and drain the northern Laurentians. A review of the little that has been written on this virtually uninhabited area convinced us that all except the Rupert were probably beyond our average ability as canoeists and wilderness travellers. To increase the area for collection and add to the variety of country through which we would pass we decided to start our trip far up a tributary of the Rupert. The Marten River, rising south and west of Lake Mistassini and flowing into the Rupert a few miles east of Lake Nemiscau, seemed to offer what we were seeking.

It is a virtually unknown district, travelled by only a few Indians and traders, scientific parties, and explorers. The Rupert River flows out of Lake Mistassini, the largest lake in Quebec, through a country of muskeg and, where not burnt over, forests of spruce, larch, balsam fir, and jack-pine, white birch and poplar. We found that deciduous trees, especially poplar, became more common the closer we came to James Bay. The muskegs were stunted spruce, labrador tea, and reindeer moss. In the descent from Lake Mistassini to the lowlands of James Bay the glaciated country is covered by myriads of lakes and a confusing network of swift streams. The Rupert descends in a number of steps characterized by heavy falls and rapids. Summer is a rainy season, and a short one, with rivers and lakes free of ice only from about the end of May until October. The temperature sometimes rises to 80° or more but is more often less than 70°. In winter it may go down to −40°F.



Many hours of winter were spent planning our trip, with the myriad problems of food for a month, gear and canoes, clothes, and a thousand and one other things including collection apparatus and preservatives for specimens. Excitement ran high when our party assembled at Cochrane late in June as the first step of our expedition. A day later Moosonee and its location in sight of James Bay emphasized our departure from civilization. Its squalor added much to our light-heartedness when still another day later we clambered into an Austin Airways Norseman with a mountain of gear, two canoes lashed to the pontoons, and a taciturn pilot at the controls. Our destination was Lac Lecordier, about 330 miles east of Moosonee and completely unknown to the airway people until it was pointed out to them on a fly-specked and faded wall map in their office. Throughout the three-hour flight, broken only by a brief stop for refuelling at a small mining camp, we were haunted by the fear that our pilot might not be able to find our lake and might deposit us on some similar but far removed place. In fact, so unsettling was the impact of this remote area on our city-conditioned minds that it was several days before we became oriented and fully accepted that the pilot had done a fine job of navigation and put us down exactly where we planned.

Our tentative plan was to spend two or three days camped on an island in Lac Lecordier near where it empties into the Marten River, collecting insects and mites intensively before moving on. But the weather, always changeable in this area, upset all this; within 30 minutes of our landing and our last rather wistful wave as our final contact with our known world disappeared over a high ridge, a squall ripped into us and we rarely saw the sun for the next two weeks. High winds forced us to abandon our camp on the exposed island and the first trial of our canoes in these waters was to ferry our tent and equipment across a half-mile of thrashing water to the mainland.

Our major worry when deciding on the Marten River as a starting place for our trip to the ocean was whether the numerous portages we anticipated would be easily found and sufficiently clear of undergrowth for our passage. We knew that the Rupert River itself is still occasionally travelled by local Indian bands and anticipated no difficulty when we reached that point in our journey. And we knew as well that for many years in the 19th century the Marten River route had been used by the fur brigades as an alternative and somewhat easier route from Mistassini Post to Rupert's House and back. But we feared that if the Marten portages had not been used for 60 years or more we might not even be able to find them. We were greatly heartened, therefore, to find without difficulty our first trail, around the mile of rapids that oppose the flow of the Marten from Lac Lecordier. The portage gave every appearance of not having been used for decades. It was completely overgrown and had to be cut clear before we could manoeuvre our canoes along its twisting and erratic course through almost im-

Bars across rivers are rapids that required portage; triangles are camp sites of the party.

penetrable young firs and quaking bogs. However, in places the trail is still worn inches deep by the moccasins of fur traders and voyageurs, and we had no difficulty in literally following in their footsteps.

Our first portage, and indeed the multitude that followed, brought home to us just what supermen those we were following had been. Our burden of two 16-foot, 65-lb. fibreglass canoes and about 700 lb. of equipment and food dwindled to almost nothing when compared to the 300-lb. bark canoe and ton or more of freight that were carried by each 6 or 8 man crew of the ancient brigades. Each man carried two and sometimes three 90-lb. packs on each crossing, an almost impossible task by today's standards. Our loads were of about 70 lb. each and we traversed each portage three times to get all our things across, puffing, panting, and streaming perspiration most of the way; our foregoers would have taken everything in one trip, probably chatting and skylarking as they dog-trotted over the trail. We took inordinate pride in our own feeble efforts until the past was evoked by a faded and overgrown blaze on a tree, a scrap of rotted canvas, or a piece of broken and half-buried china, and the stature of those long-dead giants sheepishly recalled.

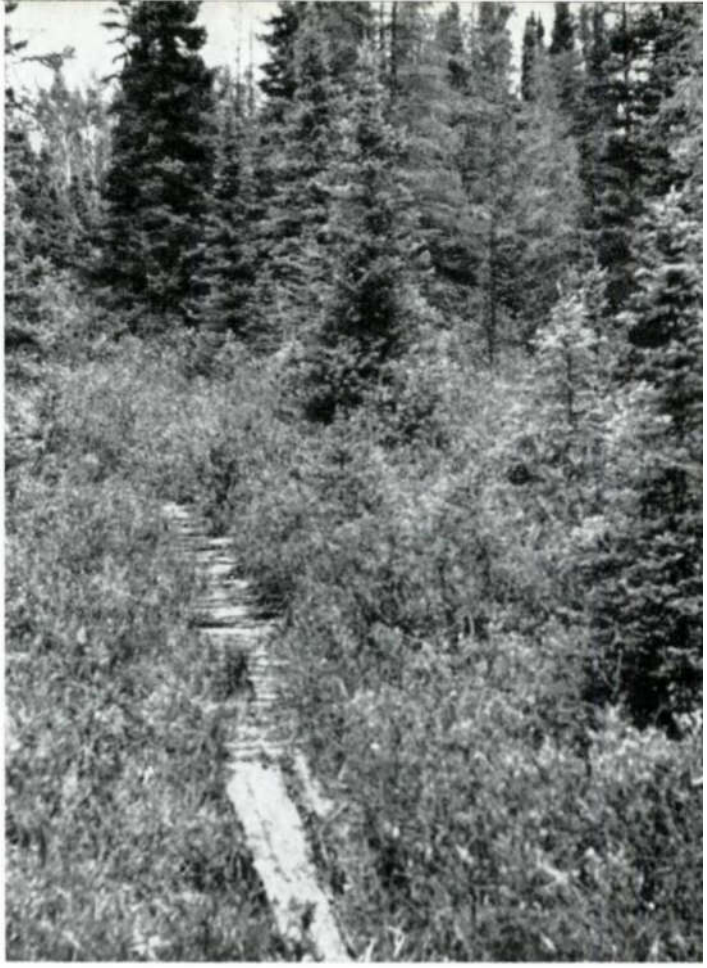
Another aspect of our travel also emphasized the span of years between ourselves and the voyageurs. Our camping gear consisted of light-weight sleeping bags, an 8 by 10 foot light tent with aluminum poles, and freeze-dried, very tasty food. By contrast, the paddlers of the early 19th century used a single blanket for a bed, the shelter of an upturned canoe, dried peas or corn and a few ounces of grease or bacon for food.

Our only serious emergency took place on the day we left our island on Lac Lecordier and passed the first portage. The rapids at the lake's outlet offered superb fishing for speckled trout, walleyes, and whitefish and this almost brought tragedy. When camp was made at the foot of the rapids two of us went fishing where the tail of the rapids poured into a small lake; we must have hit a strong cross eddy, though neither of us remembers the exact details, and found ourselves floundering in about 12 feet of icy, dark, racing water. Fortunately, the canoe was empty and we reached shore unharmed but with a lasting respect for the tremendous force of unharnessed water and of what it can do to the unwary. The next day was spent almost entirely in dragging and finally diving for our lost fishing rods, which were recovered just as daylight faded.

Frame of an Indian lodge, Marten River.

The next day, our fifth, we began our travel to James Bay in earnest and never again did we spend more than one night in any one place. Our impression of this early part of our trip was of a dark, slick river flowing through rocky highlands and in its quiet backwaters reflecting with crystal clarity the stunted firs and pines of the higher ridges and the dwarf birch, alder, and labrador tea of the vast bogs. We passed through a series of large lakes, Weakwaten, Tesecau, Poncet, and Bruton, two of which stretched far to the south and strongly tempted us to explore their shores along the bases of the low, sweeping hills. A small island on Lake Weakwaten provided us with one of our finest camps—for about two hours while the sun shone brightly and we had badly needed baths and washed our clothes. Later, the steady rain returned and we learnt the disadvantages of camping on thick spongy reindeer moss. This island had attracted travellers before us, though not for many years, and on a rocky hump that stretched into the water near our camp we found several moss and lichen covered stone rings of old Indian encampments.

When convenient, we preferred to camp on small islands far from shore in hope that biting flies and mosquitoes would be less dense than on the mainland. Sometimes this preference seemed justified, at others it seemed to make little difference. Camp sites on dry, high ground at this stage in our trip were relatively easy to find, though sometimes when we left the search too late in the day we had to settle for beach sites. Beaches *look* fine for camping but wet sand makes an exceedingly hard bed and has an irritating tendency to get into everything, including supposedly sealed plastic bags in which all our supplies were stored. Rarely at the beginning of our journey but more often as we approached the Rupert River we saw Indian winter camps, with the bare ribs of their characteristic little round-topped lodges standing forlornly in small cleared areas. Some of these were old as well, but others were fairly recent; all were on good sites and we spent nights at several. Most of these camps had a few animal skulls, mostly beaver, fastened in trees



A recent Indian display of lynx skulls on a tree by the Marten River and, right, part of a portage trail with weathered planks over a swampy area.

six or eight feet above ground. We encountered similar displays at several portages. Most were old and crumbling but at one place on the lower Marten there was an ostentatious display of several peeled, upright poles on which were threaded 15 or 20 lynx and beaver skulls, the whole surrounded by moose and wolf skulls on separate poles, as if to set off the central attraction. We learnt later that the Indians of this area, the most easterly branch of the Crees, still believe that hunting will fail if their dogs eat the heads of the animals caught for food, hence their habit of stringing the skulls out of reach in trees. Such displays as this one, however, made us suspect that pride and a desire to prove their hunting skill to any passers-by entered in as well.

Our maps of the Marten system had led us to believe that we would encounter no serious rapids or chutes until near the Rupert River. This proved false, to say the least. Our voyage from the area of Lac Bruton to the juncture of the Marten and Rupert Rivers was beset by one rapid after another. Generally, if we could find a portage on either bank we carried around rough water, in the belief that the Indians are far better canoeists than we and what is advisable for them was essential for us. If no portage was found we either ran the rapids or roped down them. The latter had a sort of small boy attraction to us, with its elements of wet clothes, rushing water, and a little danger. However, too often it meant thrashing through waist deep water over slippery rocks in a driving rain to keep up with a balky canoe wallowing at the end of two 50-foot ropes and determined to get jammed between rocks in the very worst part of the water. This sort of thing could easily have led to broken legs or swamped canoes but somehow, due far more to luck than good management, we never got into serious trouble.

We had excellent aerial photographs of our route from the juncture of the Marten and Rupert Rivers to James Bay and these proved invaluable. They showed almost every ripple and made it possible for us to chart each day's progress exactly and to locate portages with little delay.

The fishing, especially for trout, became poorer as the Marten became larger and warmer, and we caught only a few small trout after joining the Rupert River. At the beginning of our trip the Marten was only about 50 yards or so wide and very cold; later it at least doubled in width and became if not warm at least less cold; it no longer numbed wading legs in a few minutes. Oddly, the biggest trout caught was at the foot of a thunderous waterfall on our last evening on the Marten, a 24-inch, 5-lb. beauty. Pike, on the other hand, became more numerous on the Rupert and reached their peak in Lake Nemiscau.

Wildlife was notably scarce during our entire journey. We saw no big game and tracks were rare; there was only one fresh set each of bear and moose tracks. Beaver, muskrat, fox, and hare were also rare, though we saw many deserted and abandoned beaver lodges. We concluded that this scarcity of wildlife stemmed from the Indians' effectiveness as hunters and lack of understanding of good conservation. For more than seven months each year the local Indians live almost entirely off the land and we have been told that they often take all the beavers from a lodge. So desperate do they become for fresh meat that they will camp on a moose, caribou, or bear track for days in hopes of a killing shot.

Wildfowl, on the other hand, were more plentiful, though by no means abundant. Small groups of black ducks and mergansers were often seen and a few Canada geese, shy in the process of moulting, were spotted. We sometimes saw gulls on the larger lakes and terns and ospreys along the river stretches. Spruce grouse were common on the higher ridges in stands of jack-pine as well as on lower ground where fir predominated. We had one kind of feathered companion along most of our route; many times each day we heard the "Oh Sweet Canada, Canada, Canada!" song of solitary white-throated sparrows, though we saw them rarely. Their clear, haunting song almost seemed a response to our intrusion in their silent world.

On the tenth day we negotiated the final, and worst, rapids on the Marten and at twilight floated out into the broad sweep of the Rupert River. At that point the shores became uniformly low and marshy and camp sites rare and far between; it was not until five days later, after Lake Nemiscau, that rocky country with some high ridges was encountered again. At the juncture of the two rivers the Rupert is about a quarter of a mile wide and so placid as to lure the traveller into feeling the worst white water is behind him. This is a delusion.

Our first camp on the Rupert was again an island and we stumbled on our first sign of civilization, a rusty, long-discarded oil drum. The next day we encountered several vicious rapids and again camped on a beach, this time of fine sand with a leavening of silty, sticky mud. The following day proved to be the longest of all, largely because we could not find a camp site of any description. We travelled more than 18 miles, mostly through the eastern arm of Lake Nemiscau, and found nothing but miles of shallow water better suited for poling than paddling, with a border of marsh grass and mud flats on all sides. We kept going until we crossed the body of the lake and reached Nemiscau Post, where there is a Hudson's Bay Company store and about 160 Indians, living in small canvas-covered huts and squalid shacks. We were sighted long before our arrival and were greeted on the beach by almost the entire Indian population, all of whom seemed pleasant and good-humoured, and strikingly honest, though obviously under-nourished and poorly dressed. Our fibreglass canoes and all of our gear caused them to stare with curiosity and everything was examined with great intensity and interest. We left our things on the beach untended for quite a long time and found nothing missing except a garish and brightly coloured plastic bottle of sun tan lotion, which must have proved irresistible either because of its appearance or the potable potential of its contents.

The store at Nemiscau was tended by two young men, who had no knowledge of our presence in the area and must have been very surprised to see us. They opened their store to replenish our supply of jam and candy. We tried to buy light shoes to replace our rapidly deteriorating ones that had spent more time in water and scuffing over rocks than we had expected, but to no avail; Indians seemingly have very small feet, and rarely wear anything but rubber boots. The manager and his clerk invited us to their neat little house, with the white and red exterior so well-known in the north, for conversation and coffee. To our surprise they had a house guest before us, a professor, from a small American college, with an extraordinary beard and an all-consuming interest in the local Indian band. Each year since 1955, he had paddled himself into the area and spent the entire summer studying the local language, customs, and way of life. He was of very great value to us because he had travelled down the river to Rupert House some years before and by referring to his voluminous notes was able to show us how to locate all the portages we would encounter henceforth. This saved us literally days of searching, as the beginnings of some portages are up side creeks that flow into the main river miles above the chutes they circumvent, and others require prompt and well-timed traverses of the river in fast water between rapids and falls.

This intensely interesting man proved a storehouse of local history as well. Until well into the night he told us of how the present day post stemmed from a fort and fur-trading post established in the late 17th century by the French, to rival Rupert House; of how Father Charles Albanel, a French Jesuit priest, was the first white man in the country, and of how he spent several years travelling with a band of Indians from Quebec and the Saguenay River to Lake Mistassini and the Rupert system. He eventually reached Fort Charles (Rupert House) in 1672 and on his journey back to the Saguenay raised the

Crees gather to greet the travellers at Nemiscau.

French King's standard at Lake Nemiscau. Hoping to persuade Groseilliers and Radisson to return to French service he returned to Fort Charles in 1674, spent the winter there and was taken to England the next year.

The Nemiscau post established by the English in the 18th century now has little reason for existence except to provide the local Indians with the few basic necessities they can buy—clothes, flour, sugar, tea, ammunition, and traps—and as a market for their furs. The manager told us that Nemiscau is one of the few Hudson's Bay Company posts still supplied entirely by air because of its remoteness.

We camped that night on a sward at the foot of the hill on which the post is located and, because of the late hour and scarcity of firewood, used our small gas stove to cook our supper for the only time on our trip. The next day we paddled up the lake to the north and started on the last leg to James Bay, about 100 miles. We had not expected to see any other humans until we reached Rupert House but in fact met a bright eyed and clean cut Indian and his wife on one of the later portages. We smelt the Indians before we saw them, but not because of any uncleanliness; the woman had an old-fashioned flit gun to ward off blackflies and mosquitoes and literally sprayed everything that moved, drenching the trail and indicating their passage long after they had gone on up the river. We gave the family some of our surplus food and soap and in return the man carried three of our 60-70 lb. packs across the portage at one time, carefully balanced one on top of the other. We felt very humble and inadequate.

The remainder of our trip, nine days, was a *pot-pourri* of ever-longer and more arduous portages, plunging canoes, and incredible falls of water. We had read the article on this stretch of the river by E. S. Rogers* but nothing had prepared us for its reality. Most spectacular of all was a 60-foot chute that almost defies description; the river sweeps over its lip in a slick almost too fast for the eye to follow and then thunders its way down the slide for about a quarter of a mile, thrashing in fantastic plumes and surging round a bend almost uncontrollably. We clambered along to a tablelike rock at the very lip of the race and sat, timelessly, the rock trembling under us, completely lost in fascination. There are higher chutes on the Rupert, ones of 80 and more than 100 feet, but these are lost in canyons far from the portage trails and we could only hear their roar. We doubt if any would have impressed us more.

Several features of the portages of the lower Rupert deserve mention. They are the most frequently used of all we encountered, though still badly overgrown and probably not crossed more than a few times each summer. However, they show clearly their earlier use as fur trading routes; no large trees grow for several yards on either side of today's slender trails, indicating the width they had been cleared to allow passage of the larger canoes and many men of the brigades. And the low, boggy areas are thoroughly corduroyed, the logs now greyed with age and slowly disintegrating but at one time a tribute to the skill and patience of their makers. These log trails are still usable, with care, but in a few more years will have disappeared entirely. The portages, of course, are as short and economical as possible and often end in the tailrace of some incredible rapid or chute, an unnerving sight to our relatively untutored eyes. We often had an exciting time at these places but only once felt in real danger; this was where a half-mile stretch of white water with viciously curling five-foot waves had to be run between two falls. Without extreme caution it would have been easy to get into the full sweep of the river and be carried over the lower falls. At times the bows of our canoes were buried completely in the waves and we waited, frozen to our paddles, for them to reappear. Our canoes filled almost completely and became very loggy

*Down the Rupert's River, The Beaver, Sept. 1948

H B C establishment at Lake Nemiscau.

and it was only with quite an effort that we gained a strip of sand just above the lower falls, where we dried out and camped for the night.

The lower river has few rapids that can be roped; it is usually a choice of running them or portaging. The longest portage was about three miles but the worst was about two miles through a stark, barren burnt-over area. The only signs of life there were one forlorn woodpecker and huge swarms of tabanid flies that caused almost unendurable irritation and annoyance.

Our last camp was in a large cleared area, bright with water parsnip and other wild flowers, at the end of the longest portage of all. The Indians camp there in fall to net and smoke whitefish at the foot of the falls and it is a perfect camp site. The weather was fine there and insects very active and easily caught on the myriad of flowers. It was one of the few places where we caught any significant number of mice and voles in our almost nightly trapline, for their fleas; we caught 12 specimens, of four distinctive species. And it was here that we caught the only trout of the Rupert itself, small ones but delicious.

Towards the end of our trip the river had become of tremendous size and sweep. On our last day, we were impatient to reach Rupert's House and foolishly ran all but one of the stretches of fast water we encountered, which fortunately presented no real hazards, though we badly cracked one canoe on a submerged rock in one stretch that looked rather like an enormous escalator from its brink. The final rapid where the river enters its estuary and Rupert Bay could only be passed by half swimming and wading our canoes. One of us lost his footing and was washed head first about 50 feet down a torrent, completely submerged and bumping painfully against every rock. However, our luck held and no serious damage was done, other than to his dignity.

Our collecting equipment and precious collections of mites and insects were packed away in wooden panniers and padded with sponge rubber for the final stages of our trip. We expected our collections to be fruitful but they could not be evaluated fully in wilderness circumstances far from the laboratory and our microscopes. Subsequent study has shown that our efforts were not wasted.

In summation, we travelled a total of about 200 miles from Lac Lecordier to James Bay. We averaged about 11 miles a day of travelling, with frequent stops for collecting. There were from 25 to 30 portages and 17 rapids

The brink and chute of 60-foot falls on Rupert River.

down which we lined the canoes. There were about 20 miles of portages, which resulted in about 100 miles of walking because we had to make three carries over each.

Rupert House was the focus of our eyes for the several miles it was in sight before our arrival. But, once we were there, we were caught up in the excitement of buying chocolate and fresh oranges at the Hudson's Bay store. Within a few hours we were flying above the Bay and the estuaries of the Nottaway and Harricanaw river, unpleasantly muddy in contrast to the clear waters of the Rupert and Broadback, back to Moosonee and the train that returned us the next day to Cochrane, our cars, and the world of motels, beer parlours, and restaurant meals.◆

OLD NEMISCAU
and
CHEASHQUACHESTON

BY ALICE M. JOHNSON

These brief accounts of the establishment of the H B C posts at Nemiscau on the Rupert River and Cheashquacheston to the south are excerpted, by permission of the Governor and Committee, from Hudson's Bay Record Society Volume XXIV, recently published. The present Hudson's Bay store of Nemaska was a reopening in 1905 of the old Nemiscau site.

NEMISCAU

On 27 May 1794 James Fogget, carpenter, accompanied by eight "Europeans" and five Indians, left Eastmain Factory to establish a post on Cheashquacheston Lake, but they were unable to get any further than Nemiscau Lake, a spot "very good for victuals" but too close to headquarters to be a suitable place for trade. Bartholomew Nelson, Chief at Eastmain Factory, informed John Thomas, Chief at Moose Factory, of the failure on 22 July 1794 and as the latter place was the chief source of supply for birchrind Nelson added a complaint about the shortage of supplies. He continued:

> We have been able to get boats to Nemiscow Lake and had it not been for the canoes which were made of such bad birch rind, we should have got to Cheashquacheston; the people who are left there are preparing the paths for proceeding forward.

James Fogget with three men remained at Nemiscau Lake, and on 14 August he reported to William Bolland, Nelson's successor as Chief at Eastmain Factory:

> We have got our [log] tent built, and are now setting the stockades, and so far we have got two or three days fresh victuals in the week. I shall do my endeavours to find out the passages that lead out of this lake. (If possible I can get an Indian to go with me.) I have been as far up the long carrying place as to a small lake.

George Atkinson II was sent to assist Fogget, particularly with getting country provisions and in helping with the Indians in the warehouse, and plans were made to reach Cheashquacheston Lake in the spring. But the Indians and Atkinson were against going further than Nemiscau Lake on account of transport difficulties, so the plan to build at Cheashquacheston was temporarily abandoned. The trade obtained at Nemiscau Lake during season 1794-95 in exchange for goods worth $920\frac{1}{20}$ made beaver amounted to $920\frac{3}{4}$ made beaver.

Nemiscau post was obviously not considered a permanency for at the end of season 1795-96, during which time Andrew Moar, steward, had been in charge and had traded 880 made beaver in furs for $879\frac{2}{4}\frac{0}{0}$ made beaver in goods, advice was given to him by Bolland to make the post "tight for the security of the goods" but not "to make more than just a temporary building". However, Moar continued in charge at Nemiscau, making journeys each summer to Eastmain for supplies and tradings furs amounting to $1141\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{0}$ made beaver for goods worth $1141\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{0}$ made beaver during 1796-97, and $632\frac{1}{1}\frac{1}{2}$ made beaver in furs for $656\frac{1}{6}$ made beaver in goods during season 1797-98. Bolland informed Moar in September 1798 that Nemiscau post would be closed at the end of outfit 1798-99 and one opened at Cheashquacheston Lake instead. Accordingly, Bolland wrote to Moar on 11 June 1799, "On Mr [John] Lawson's arrival at Nemiscow with the boats, you are to proceed further

Miss Johnson is Archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company.

A bark canoe of the type used by Nemiscau brigades being repaired at Rupert House in 1867.

towards Cheeasquachiston to settle . . . taking every thing with you from Nemiscow the boats and canoes can conveniently carry . . .".

Nemiscau was closed and for seasons 1799-1800, 1800-1, and 1801-2 a post on Cheashquacheston Lake was in operation instead. This post because of Canadian opposition and other difficulties, was abandoned in 1802 and Nemiscau was re-established in charge of George Atkinson II, who traded 1006½½ made beaver during season 1802-3. Thomas Wiegand, who was master of Nemiscau post during the following outfit, reported to Bolland at Eastmain on 27 February 1804:

> Mr [Alexander] Fraser [partner in the North West Company] who was expected down Slude [Eastmain] River arrived here on the 3rd Novr. last on his way to Charlton Island; and I am now in daily expectation of seeing him, on his return to Quebec. . . . He . . . inform'd me that Robert Folster was coming to settle here early in summer . . . ,

and remarked that he had assisted Fraser, who was distressed for provisions.

In the late spring of 1804 Robert Folster opened a post for the North West Company near the Hudson's Bay Company's Nemiscau Lake house, but during trading season 1804-5 this opposition post was apparently in charge of someone else, for Folster seems to have returned to manage the business of the post situated below Rupert House. On 11 January 1805 Wiegand, who had continued in charge of the Hudson's Bay Company's post, wrote from Nemiscau to John Mannall, Chief at Eastmain:

> The trade I have now in the warehouse amounts to nearly 400 MBr. but I am afraid it will not equal last year. I have not seen a single Indian since the winter set in, nor do I think my neighbours have been visited by any. Partridges are pretty plentiful, so that we make a tolerable good living among them.

Wiegand's neglect of his duties earned reprimands from Mannall, and his dealings with the Nor'Westers and absence from Nemiscau in June 1805 to go down to Rupert House, not on Company business but to visit Folster, gave rise to suspicions that he was going to desert to the Canadians. Mannall therefore sent Henry Hamlet Hawthorn, writer, to ensure that the returns of trade were brought safely to Eastmain and to make the arrangements for the conduct of the summer business at Nemiscau. According to Hawthorn, the excuse given by Wiegand for leaving his post was shortage of provisions. He did not take the offer of employment he had received from Alexander Fraser of the North West Company in the autumn of 1803, but went back to Nemiscau accompanied by Hawthorn, to settle the summer business. Andrew Flatt, who had been left in charge during Wiegand's absence, was accidentally drowned about 26 June, and for the remainder of the summer of 1805 Peter Cock, labourer, managed the Company's affairs.

During outfits 1805-6 and 1806-7 Andrew Moar, now ranked as a trader at £40 per annum, had charge of Nemiscau, and if he was not free of direct opposition during his first season he had no opponents during the second one for the Nor'Westers left the area entirely in 1806. Moar was succeeded by Henry Hamlet Hawthorn who wrote at the end of season 1807-8 (on 27 May 1808) to George Gladman, Chief at Eastmain Factory:

> the Nemiscaw trade will scarcely amount to more than half of last years; deer has been so plentiful so that Indians have not troubled themselves to hunt other furs, several also [1] have not seen; therefore imagine they have visited the Canadians at Waswannabe.

Thomas Spence, labourer, looked after the summer business of Nemiscau Lake post and Andrew Moar was master there during outfit 1808-9. By the end of the season the post was considered useless and on 18 June 1809 Gladman directed Moar:

> . . . any stores of little value but heavy carriage had best be left in the house. The windows you will nail up securely, with board before them, lock the door and bring away the key, "the property of the Honble. Hudson's Bay Company" paint or cut out upon the door, and nothing is to be damaged or destroyed tell this to the Indians also . . . ,

and added that the Indians, who did not appear to be upset by this measure, were to be persuaded to trade at Rupert House in future.

Heavily laden freight canoes setting off up river about the turn of the century.

CHEASHQUACHESTON

In September 1778 Thomas Hutchins, Chief at Albany, reminded George Atkinson I, Master of Eastmain House, that trade had been adversely affected by Canadians who had come from great distances to settle "on the back of most of the Companys Terretories". To meet this challenge Hutchins instructed Atkinson to send active and intelligent men up Rupert or Nottaway Rivers and to Lake Mistassini for the purpose of learning about the country and opening up trade with the Indians. The circumstances were, according to Hutchins, likely to be favourable because Canadian trade had been affected by the War of Independence. If it did not prove possible to make settlements, Hutchins maintained that it was still necessary to carry out as much exploration as possible, and at least one man engaged on the work was to be capable of using instruments so as to determine latitude and longitude wherever necessary. Attempts were made to get to Mistassini, but it was not until June 1791 that "a short excursion up Nodaway River" was undertaken by John Clarke. After this journey, about which no details are known, the matter rested until 1793 when George Jackman, the surgeon at Eastmain, volunteered to explore Nottaway River and to visit the Canadian settlement known as Cheashquacheston. Accompanied by George Atkinson II and three Indians, he left Rupert House on 18 May and, travelling up Rupert River, reached Nemiscau Lake on 26 May. From there the small party in two canoes travelled in a generally southerly direction until, on 3 June, they reached Cheashquacheston Lake. From Jackman's journal and a manuscript map made by James Clouston about 1825, Cheashquacheston Lake has been identified as present-day Gull Lake or Lac au Goéland.

*A few days earlier, on 29 May, Jackman had met some Indians who had been forced against their wills to trade nearly 2000 made beaver with a Frenchman.

On reaching this spot, Jackman recorded,

> I met 3 Frenchmen and 17 Indians belonging to the Canadian Company at Quebec, being 7 canoes in all who had only reached the tent 2 hours before my arrival they brought with them a considerable assortment of trading goods. The Trader informed me that he was master at Swapmouson, a large settlement 10 days paddle to the south, and that he was going to set out immediately for his house near Quebec where his principal stock of trading goods were deposited, and then to return with them to Cheasquocheston where he intended to reside during the ensuing winter for which purpose he left 2 men behind him who were to be employed during his absence in erecting a temporary house. During my stay he gave me much useful information respecting the situation of the country as also of the standard by which the Canadian Company trade with the Indians. I also received from him as a present, several knives trinkets &c which I delivered on my return to the Factory. He informed me that he had heard it was the intention of the other Frenchman of whom I had heard such an unfavorable account,* to settle at Cheaquocheston in opposition to him, and that he meant shortly to return and erect a house, so great had been his success during his last visit at that place as to carry away with him 7 large bundles of furs supposed to contain nearly 2000 beaver, the greatest part of which were traded with those Indians belonging to the Factory

Jackman began his homeward journey on 5 June, "proceedingWNW down Nodoway River," and the Canadians left for "Swapmouson". On reaching Rupert House on 11 June Jackman reported that Nottaway River was not a practical route for loaded canoes.

Because many of the Indians who had been plundered by the Frenchman usually traded at Eastmain, and because opposing Canadian interests intended to settle at Cheashquacheston and so damage the Company's busi-

ness, Bartholomew Nelson, Chief at Eastmain Factory, made an effort to enable his men to reach the area in the autumn of 1793. But the attempt failed, not only because the Indians refused to accompany the party as far as Nemiscau Lake, but because George Atkinson II, the only one who knew the route, refused to take charge of one of the canoes, and a steersman, John Sinclair, was accidentally drowned.

The next party (nine Europeans and five Indians) intended for Cheashquacheston left Eastmain on 27 May 1794 and was under the leadership of James Fogget, but they had to stop at Nemiscau Lake because

> the birch rind which the canoes were made of turned out so badly the time they got to that Lake that they were unfit for use, a circumstance which both fatigued & disheartened the Natives, being frequently under the necessity of going on shore to take out the goods and turn the water out of them.

Fogget was next instructed to try to reach Cheashquacheston Lake and build there after break-up in 1795, but as the Indians and George Atkinson II were "bad against it" the venture had to be abandoned. Fogget reported that they objected because "it is a thing impossible for boats to get any further then the second carrying place from hence [Nemiscau Lake], which is thought to be 12 or 14 miles long besides small creeks, that small canoes can hardly get up".

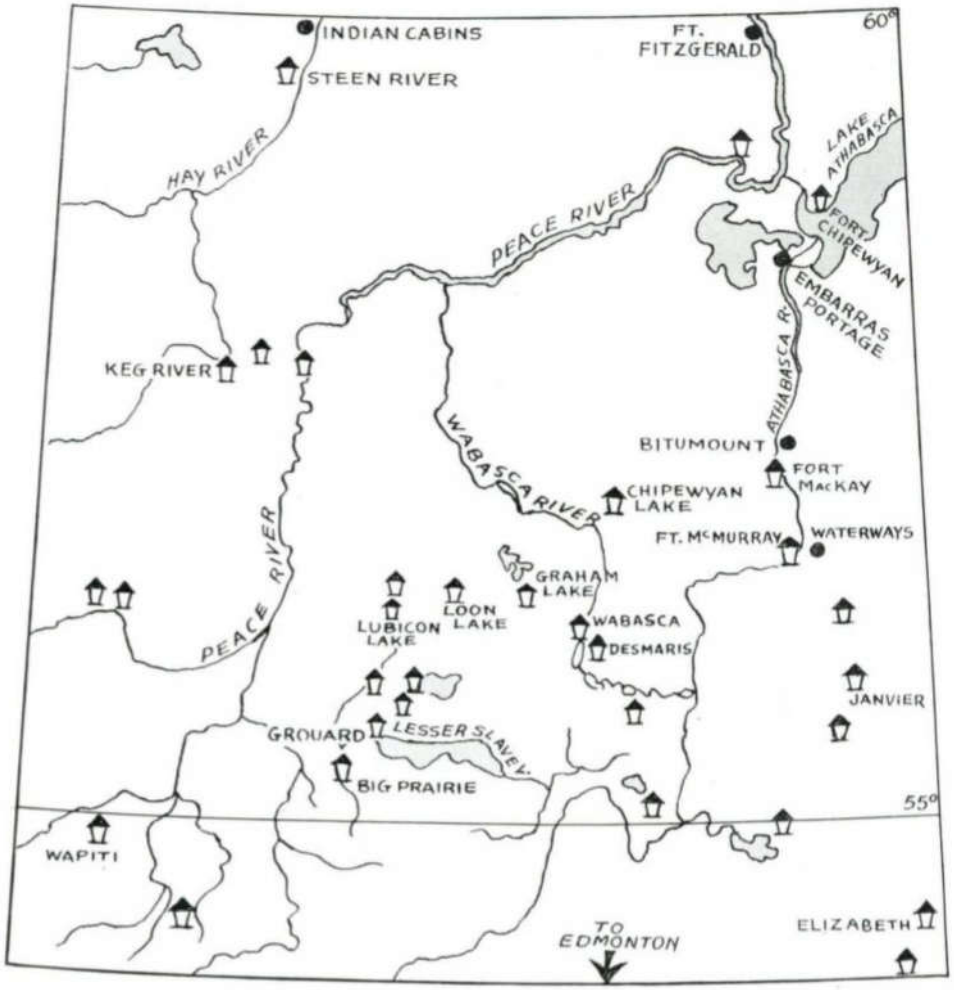
At the end of the season 1798-99 the post on Nemiscau Lake was closed and Andrew Moar, the Master, was directed to move everything to Cheashquacheston Lake. William Bolland, Chief at Eastmain Factory, wrote to him on 11 June 1799 regarding the move:

> I can give no directions where you are to settle but it must be left to your & Mr Lawsons discretion, it should be at a place likely for producing country provisions & in case it should be nigh to the Canadians settlement, I could wish you to have as little connection with 'em as possible but yet to be upon a neighbourly footing.

On 2 July following John Lawson arrived at Nemiscau Lake from Eastmain with the supplies for Cheashquacheston and two days later he left with Moar, and the other men who were to establish the new post. Moar left Bolland in no doubt about his opinion of the men who had been sent from Eastmain to accompany him. "I believe there is none of them can take a chip off a log" he wrote, and added, "Please to let the Honble. Company know that my resolves are for home". Moar arrived at Cheashquacheston Lake on 21 July after a difficult journey over a bad road. Lawson, with the Company employees and the Indians who had helped on the journey, returned to Eastmain with one boat and the canoes, leaving Moar and three men to establish the new post. On 6 January 1800 Moar reported to John Clarke who was Chief at Eastmain during Bolland's absence in England, that fish, partridges, and rabbits were scarce and that trade was indifferent because some Canadians had settled near him in the previous autumn. He added, "they and me is tolarable good frinds as yet". These Canadians were from Waswanipi, an important post of the North West Company, and although Moar recorded that visits were exchanged, he did not identify his rivals or give any information about them in his journal for season 1799-1800. At the end of the outfit the profit on Moar's trade amounted to only $\frac{2}{360}$ made beaver after an expenditure of goods worth $490\frac{2}{360}$ made beaver. During the first year of its existence the post was known as Windsor House but thereafter, in accordance with the Governor and Committee's wish that names of settlements should not be changed, it was referred to as Cheashquacheston.

During season 1800-1 George Atkinson II, helped by his brother Jacob, had charge of the post, and in season 1801-2 Andrew Moar replaced him as Master. Shortage of supplies due to the war in Europe was one reason for the post being closed and Nemiscau re-established in 1802, but another seems to have been the North West Company's objection to the establishment of Cheashquacheston at the very time the rival Companies were considering proposals for withdrawing certain posts in opposition to each other.

After Cheashquacheston post was closed at the end of season 1801-2 no further attempt to trade in the area was made for many years. The question of examining the route to Waswanipi or Cheashquacheston arose in 1814 and Andrew Moar, when requested to make the journey in the summer of 1815, was able to inform the Governor of the Southern Department of Rupert's Land that he knew the way, and that the post once operated on Cheashquacheston Lake had been only twenty miles from "Wassanabee", where he used to visit the Canadian master. But before a post was again built on Cheashquacheston Lake the posts on Big Lake and Waswanipi Lake were to come into operation. Consequently it was not until 27 August 1820 that John Walford left Waswanipi "to establish a trading post at Cheeausquicheston about five miles beyond the spawning place as the better means of bringing over the Indians" to the Company's interest. Except for brief visits from the Nor'Westers this outpost from Waswanipi was undisturbed by opposition during season 1820-21 and, after the news of the coalition of the rival companies reached Rupert River in the summer of 1821, it was closed. ◆



Northern Alberta showing schools of Division 61.

New Schools in the Forest

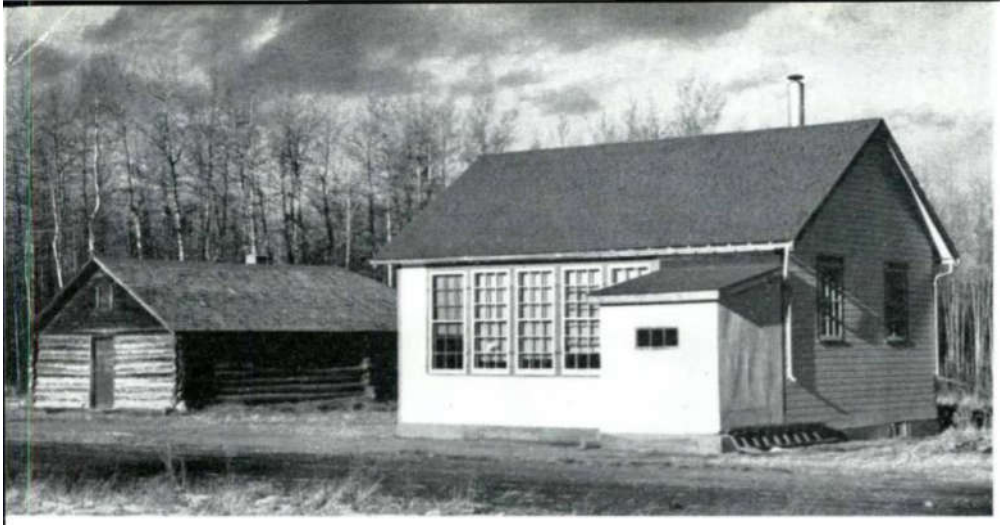
BY J. W. CHALMERS

SLOWLY, INEXORABLY, the car slid through the slimy film of Peace River gumbo mud and came to rest in the shallow ditch. Wearily the four wayfarers climbed out to survey the situation. This time—this twentieth time—there was no room for doubt: the vehicle was irrevocably stuck, stuck until some truck or tractor came to pull it out. There was no point to hiking for help. The closest settlement to the rear, even the closest house, was forty-five miles away, at Lesser Slave Lake. The nearest assistance ahead was at Wabasca, equally distant. There was nothing to do but wait.

How did four weary wayfarers come to find themselves on that December evening in 1958 marooned in the wilderness of northern Alberta? For the two Alberta school Superintendents it was a routine trip, an annual safari to inspect two federal Indian schools and a mission school in the Wabasca-Desmarais area. For the Rural Dean, too, it was a routine journey. The School Administrator was attempting the trip to discover what were the legal and moral responsibilities of his province to an indefinite number of Métis children in the target area who were attending the Roman Catholic mission school or the federal Indian schools or simply not attending school at all. But for the moment, Operation Wabasca had ground to a halt.

Logically, there was no reason why four hungry, thirsty, filthy, tired, out-of-shape, middle-aged men should be mired to the hub-caps in the middle of Alberta's sub-

Director of School Administration in Alberta, Dr Chalmers has also been a Trustee of Northland School Division 61 since its establishment in 1961.



The first school near Wapiti was the log cabin shown at left, the second school the modern building alongside. Below are some of the pupils with their teacher.

L. R. GUE

arctic coniferous forest. The date for the expedition had been carefully set to ensure that the road would be frozen iron-hard, and its condition had been checked before the party left Slave Lake. Completely unforeseeable was the fact that an errant chinook, hundreds of miles from its usual foothills habitat, would render the newly-graded road a traveller's nightmare. Entirely inexcusable, however, was the carelessness of the party leader in leaving on the kitchen table the thermos of coffee and the bag of sandwiches which his wife had thoughtfully prepared.

There was nothing to do but wait, either for the road to freeze, or for help to come along. Slowly the hours crawled by. Stubbornly the mercury refused to drop low enough to solidify the grey goo. There were other vehicles on the road that night, but they also were mired, some of them to their axles. The four men talked until they were talked out. Occasionally the group leader turned on the motor to warm the car up a bit, but, mindful of the danger of carbon monoxide, he soon turned it off. Once in a while one of the party would get out to see if the ground showed any signs of freezing—reports invariably negative. The Visiting Superintendent grumbled. They dozed fitfully.

At last came the dawn and with it a four-wheel-drive truck equipped with a winch. Soon the poor pilgrims were snaked out of the ditch and on their way, still attached to the truck by the umbilical cord of the tow cable. Some time later the travellers came on a forestry caravan pulling out, its season's work done.

"Have you got anything to eat?"

"Yep, lots to eat but no fire to heat it up."

"Never mind that, just break out the grub."

Soon the tired travellers were standing on the side of the road wolfing down garlic sausage, bread, canned butter, dills, and preserved peaches right out of the can. Apple juice quenched their thirst. In another hour they

Panorama of Fort Chipewyan.

reached the end of the grade and the last of the gumbo. Thenceforth only a trail led through the trees—but a trail of compacted dirt. The wayfarers cast off the winch cable and proceeded under the unassisted power of their own vehicle. All went well until they were within a couple of miles of their destination, when they had to cross a long slough over a corduroy road—perhaps the last piece of corduroy in Western Canada. Again the car was stuck. The two superintendents struck out for the mission while the other two remained with the car. After an hour or so a truck came out to their rescue. Soon the Rural Dean had been delivered to the Anglican Mission and the School Administrator joined the two Superintendents at the R.C. federal Indian school. He found them bereft of shoes and trousers—the good Sisters had taken them away to clean them. The men were swathed in immense plaid blankets.

"You fellows look like a cross between Roman senators and Highland chieftains," the late-comer derided, as he dug his moccasin slippers out of his bag, and a spare pair of trousers, surrendering his others to be cleaned.

Twenty-four hours to travel ninety miles! Two days later the outward journey was made over frozen roads without incident, but the car was never the same again.

The high-wing monoplane circled lonesome little Graham Lake, seventy-five miles northeast of Lesser Slave. It lost altitude as it approached up-wind, touched down, slid to a stop on the snow-covered ice. The pilot taxied the machine towards the little pier, and they climbed out—pilot, School Administrator, and Superintendent of Indian Schools. They waded through snow to their knees until they reached the log building which served as both church and manse. The priest welcomed them into his kitchen, decorated with his own religious paintings, accompanied by scripture passages in Cree syllabics. At the table, two shy brown-eyed, brown-skinned little girls hastily finished their bowls of oatmeal porridge and quietly slipped out. The Father offered his guests the same hospitality, but they had eaten substantially in Edmonton two hours before.

"If I give them their breakfasts, they come to mass and stay to school," the priest explained. "I should go out now and find some rabbits for their lunch."

The Oblate Father explained that he had forty-nine children crowded into an old Hudson's Bay Company warehouse somewhat smaller than an ordinary classroom. Their teacher had experience but no professional training whatsoever. Pupils' seats were broken-down chairs, home-made backless benches, and apple boxes—apples in this country? Their desks were also home-made, bits of board mounted on X's formed of poplar boughs.

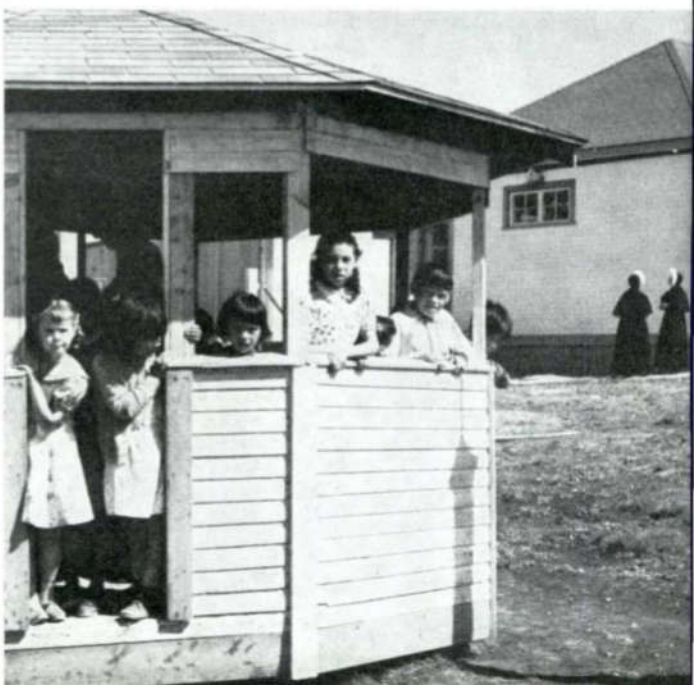
"How do you finance the school?" the Father was quizzed.

The miracle of the loaves and the fishes almost paled into insignificance in comparison with his ability to extract much from little. The provincial government gave him a small grant, for the Métis children; the federal Indian Affairs Branch paid for the education of the registered Indians. He had written a book about his life as a missionary in northern Alberta, and poured the royalties into the school. On a rare visit to his native Belgium he had solicited funds from children.

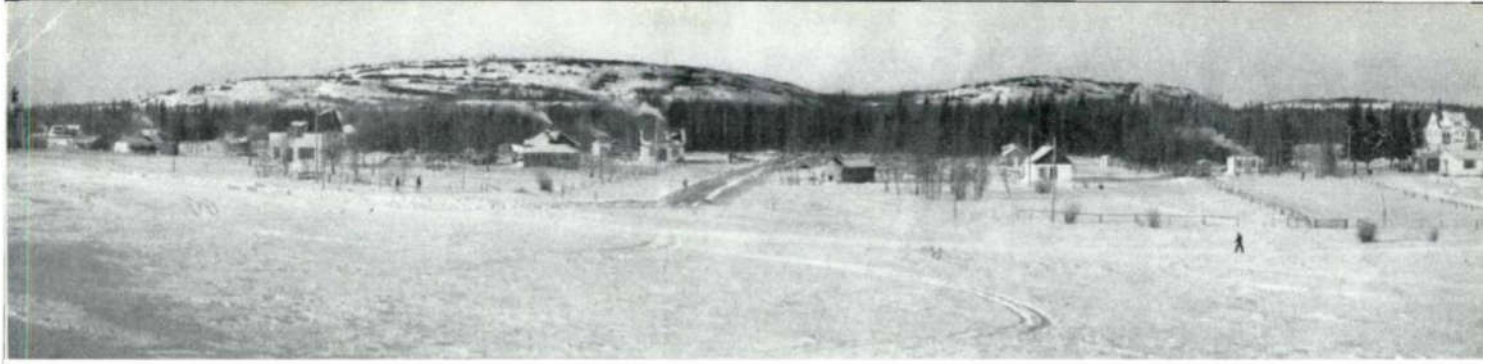
The School Administrator was startled. That anyone should beg Belgian children to dig their sous out of their pockets to light the lamp of learning in the wilds of poor, ignorant Alberta struck him as the height of incongruity.

All the good Father's resources, however, were insufficient. He needed another school building, two rooms instead of one. He needed qualified teachers, not one but two. He needed furniture, books, equipment, fuel, even

L. R. GUE



Children of the Wabasca mission school in their playhouse.



CANADIAN GOVERNMENT PHOTO

postage stamps. These wants, indeed, were the reason why the School Administrator was paying his visit, to investigate the need and feasibility of establishing a school district. When these points had been cleared up, and the priest appointed Official Trustee, he was assured adequate financial support.

"Only half these children are Métis, and therefore a provincial responsibility," the School Administrator observed. "The other half are treaty Indians and your babies."

"If you can pick them out, we'll pay for them," his federal colleague half-jested, underscoring the fact that the only distinction between the two groups is a legal technicality.

"We'll be generous," the Administrator promised the new official trustee, "but we're tough. When we give you money, we want to know where every nickel goes."

"You're just like my boss," the Father smiled, "except that he doesn't give me any money."

The talk then turned to the priest's book. "Let me have a look at it," the Administrator demanded. It was in Flemish, and had to wait for the French translation before he could read it.

"Watch for the Indian graveyard," said the storekeeper as his visitors left the metropolis of Steen River. Only in the shadow of Parallel Sixty would a combined store-restaurant-post office, a gas pump, a ranger station, and a few log cabins represent urban culture.

The party headed north, down the Mackenzie Highway. Not many minutes later, they spotted the little cemetery through the still leafless trees, just off the road. The educators stopped and walked over to it. There were a dozen or fifteen graves, scattered without any order or arrangement through the tiny clearing. Each of them was covered with a little wooden house the size of the quiet denizen beneath. Some structures were old and weather-beaten, others still quite new. On each of these final residences a little cross had been carved out of one upright board. Around it hung a rosary and a little medicine bag containing who knows what treasures.

Two graves only varied from the pattern. On one, quite new, a tiny tipi substituted for a more permanent shelter still to come. The other, much older and that of a tiny

WESTERN CONSTRUCTION CONSULTANTS

Construction of additions to Fort Chipewyan Indian School last summer.

infant, had been hollowed out of a split poplar log, which was securely fastened between two trees high in the air beyond the reach of predators. After a few minutes the visitors quietly left the spot, symbolic of the fusion of two cultures, Stone Age and Christian.

Next stop was at Indian Cabins, hardly larger than Steen River. Its romantic name was not simply a heritage from the colourful past, for there were the six or eight log cabins, and a canvas tipi or two beside the road. Another stop, and a visit to the only family still in residence. A lupine sleigh dog, enjoying his summer surcease from toil, announced their arrival, but the head of the household, busy with a drawknife, had already seen and heard the visitors. Perhaps he was fashioning a mate to the snowshoe hanging on the side of the cabin, although such forethought on a bright May morning seemed unlikely.

"This is a fine-looking boy. How old?"

"Yep. Joe good boy. He five."

"Do you have more children?"

"Two more. They away to school now. Indian school."

"Are there many children from here away to school?" the School Administrator inquired.

"Ten, twelve, I dunno, mebbe fifteen."

"How many treaty, how many Métis?" the Superintendent asked.

"All treaty, no Métis," was the reply.

The rest of the day was the visitors' own. They stopped at the magnificent Alexandra and Louise Falls. They

visited the inland port of Hay River north of the boundary, then turned the car south and travelled back to Fort Vermilion through the empty miles.

"You should name your next district Ptarmigan," the Administrator urged.

"I'll do it," agreed the Superintendent. And he did.

The little float-equipped Cessna tore down the snye throwing spray almost from shore to shore. Closer and closer came the far bank of the Athabasca, and still the aircraft clung to the water.

"This is the first time I have ever tried to take this craft off with this heavy a load," the pilot remarked conversationally.

The School Administrator and the Indian School Superintendent looked at each other. Both former air crew types, they had confidence in their pilot, but. . . .

Seemingly at the last possible moment, the little plane was airborne, just missing some tall spruce trees. It turned quickly to starboard, and headed downstream. Soon the passengers could see the busy tar sands camp at Mildred Lake, then passed deserted Bitumount on the eastern side of the river, and the tiny settlement of Fort MacKay on the western bank.

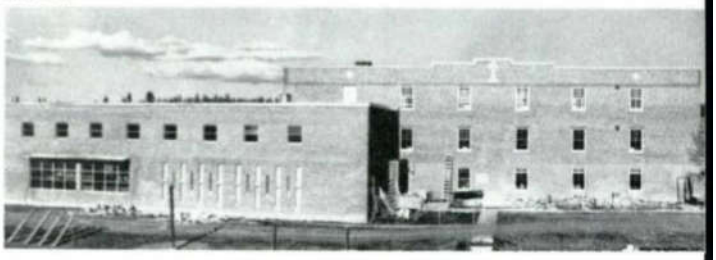
"We've a two-room school there," the Superintendent shouted. "Some of the children are Métis. We'll be charging you tuition for them."

The monotonous forest flowed under the wings. A single geographical feature dominated the landscape: the northward flowing Athabasca.

Lonely indeed the land looked, yet in all directions there was evidence of human activity—base lines cut through the bush due east and west as far as the eye could see, abandoned and half-overgrown oil exploration roads, meandering Indian trails, isolated log cabins, occasionally a tiny, officious tug pushing its barges down to Fort Chipewyan and beyond. Soon the flyers passed over the landing strip and radio towers of Embarras, and before them lay the incredibly flat delta of the river, old and new watercourses running in every direction, intersecting, subdividing, rejoining, like the veins of a poplar leaf. On a point of high land—a foot or so above the water line—a single old bull buffalo, marooned from his fellows, ruminated in the spring grass.

Thus the firm earth gave way to marsh, the marsh at last to the open sea of Lake Athabasca. Soon the plane approached the granite hills on the north side, lost altitude, touched down, tied up to the dock at Fort Chipewyan. The Educational Administrator headed for the public school, a little two-room building close to the Historic Parks and Monuments cairn overlooking the

L. E. GUE



At Grouard: landscaping the school grounds, and reconstruction under way at Moosehorn Lodge, residence for students at the vocational school.

On the opposite page some of the classes at Grouard Vocational School which include food preparation, forestry, typing, welding, electrical, wood, and automotive work.

ALBERTA GOVERNMENT PHOTOS

water. Only one room however was operating. The young lady in charge had been teaching at Fort Chip for almost two years, but since no inspector had visited the school in that time, she had not been able to obtain the necessary recommendation for her permanent certificate. The Administrator undertook to remedy this.

The next morning with his colleague he visited the Holy Angels mission residence and the new federal Indian school. In addition to the Indian children about forty or more Métis were enrolled. There would not be room for the Métis in the Indian school much longer and they were a provincial responsibility.

Before noon, the two pedagogues were flying across the lake back to Embarras Portage for a mail and express call. Within minutes, business was completed, and the party was ready to go. The pilot pushed the starter switch. Click. Another push, another click.

"Looks like we got a hot solenoid," he diagnosed. "Have to wait till it cools down."

The passengers climbed out of the hot cabin. The School Administrator stretched out on the capacious float and drowsily watched the Athabasca slide by, bearing an occasional tug-propelled barge piled high with yellow sulphur or miscellaneous cargo. The airplane-driver tried the starter again. This time not even a click.

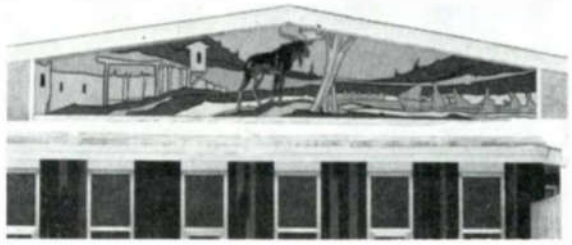
"Got a screwdriver?" the Superintendent inquired. So equipped, he proceeded to take sections of the old Norseman apart, testing circuits. At last he said, "Try her now."

The engine roared into life, and soon the party was airborne again.

"The company ought to pay you to fly with them, instead of charging you," the School Administrator admired. "How did you know enough to fix it?"

"Easy. I used to be a flight engineer in the air force during the war."

The flight back to McMurray proceeded without further incident. There a visit to the public school left the visitors shaking their heads in dismay. Half of it was housed in a crumbling, decaying wreck of a building in Waterways; the other two rooms occupied an equally decrepit structure at McMurray a few miles away. Were it not for buttresses of telephone poles, its walls would inevitably have collapsed outward in a pile of debris. The only thing on the site worth saving was the Methy Portage cairn.



Mural on new Fort McMurray school. L. R. GUE

WHAT WERE the consequences of all these and other educational probes into the forests of northern Alberta? Principally, that by September 1963 some thirty isolated provincial schools had been welded into a single administrative system known as the Northland School Division. In the previous five years over eighty new classrooms and five gymnasiums had been erected, a vocational program established in a large school and residence at Grouard and in three other schools, an exceptionally well-qualified instructional staff recruited, dozens of modern teachers' residences built, a pupil transportation system created, involving twenty school buses, and a series of agreements with the federal Indian Affairs Branch (which administers Indian school education) worked out, which probably means that ultimately all registered Indians in the Northland area will be attending provincial public schools.

For example:

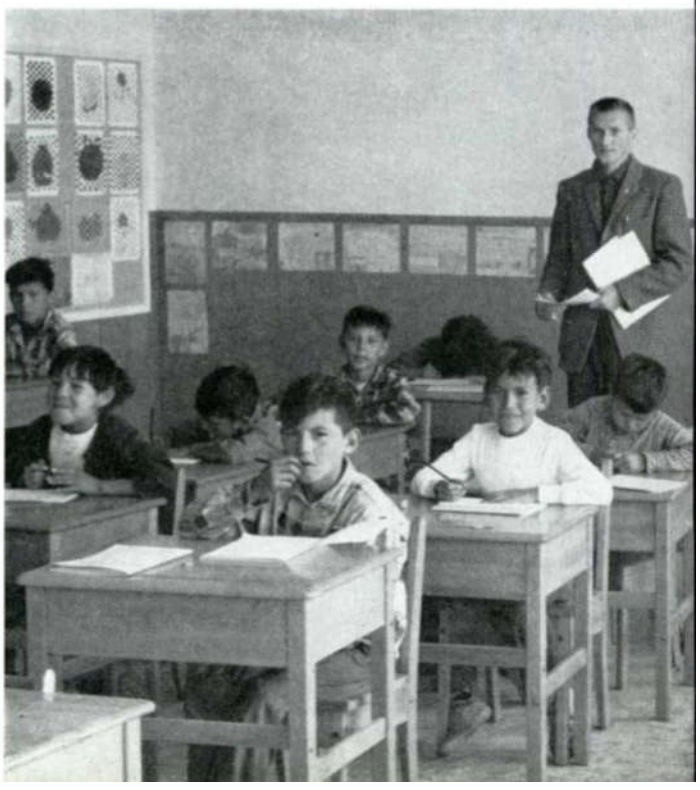
At Wabasca the Northland School Division has taken over the St. Theresa Mission School and added four new classrooms and a gymnasium. At nearby Desmarais, in partnership with Indian Affairs it has built and now operates the academic-vocational Mistassiniy High School, for Grades VII to X.

At Graham Lake there stands a new two-room school under two qualified teachers, Roman Catholic Sisters. At Steen River there is a school serving twenty-five or thirty children, including Indians, who come from Indian Cabins daily by school bus. At Fort MacKay, Janvier, and Fort Chipewyan, the Indian schools are now public schools. The one at Fort Chip has a big new addition comprising vocational shops, classrooms, and a gymnasium.

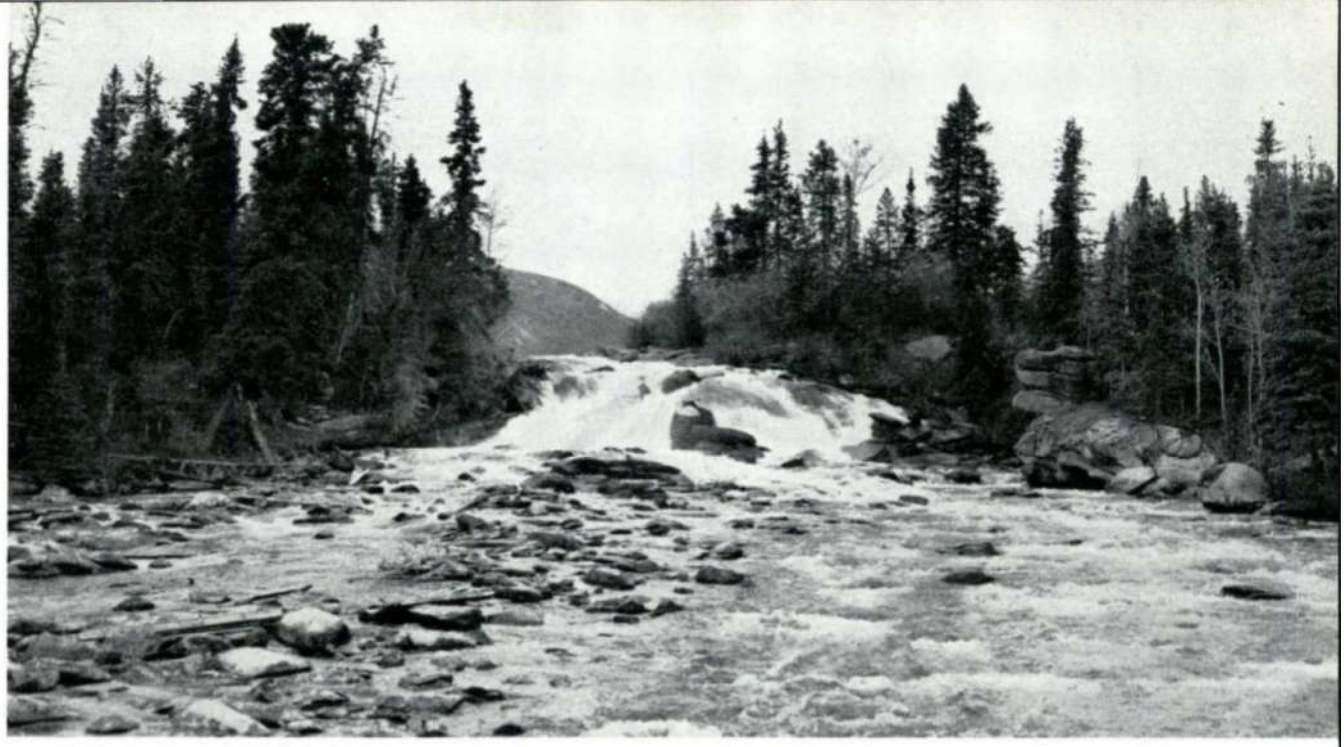
Other mission schools have also become public schools, for instance, Loon Lake, established by the Christian and Missionary Alliance, and Lubicon Lake, originated by the Protestant interdenominational Northland Indian Mission. These schools lie far to the east of Peace River. Still farther east is Chipewyan Lake, founded as a mission effort by a Mennonite organization.

And at McMurray, the two old schools are out of business, replaced by a new edifice housing both the Peter Pond School and the Fort McMurray Vocational School. *Fort* McMurray? When the Peter Pond School was officially opened, the School Administrator urged the restoration of the town's historic name. On 1 June 1962, according to the *Alberta Gazette*, with the approval of the Geographic Board of Alberta, the Town of McMurray became the Town of Fort McMurray. ◆

L. R. GUE



Junior grades at Big Prairie school in a Metis settlement.



Otter Falls near Aishihik. (Is it the scene on a Canadian five-dollar note?) NIGEL WHITE

Spring comes to the Yukon

BY NIGEL WHITE

The Yukon Territory does not commence until after northerly habitation has almost ceased in the rest of Canada; but, from that line, it stretches north to the Beaufort Sea, 200 miles inside the Arctic Circle. It is half the size of the Province of Ontario but has less than 15,000 residents. And, rather unexpectedly, every inch of the Yukon is farther west than Vancouver.

In winter, the Yukon is often a land of bitter cold. Temperatures of 60° below zero are commonplace. The brief days of winter bring steel-blue, cloudless skies. At night, there is rarely any wind—not even a breath of moving air. The silence is almost audible and almost unbroken. Occasionally, a crack like a gunshot tells that the frost has broken the heart of another tree. That distant, mournful howl *could* have been a wolf. It may only have been a husky dog. But how distant? Two miles? Ten? It is almost impossible to judge. Sounds carry far in the northern wilderness.

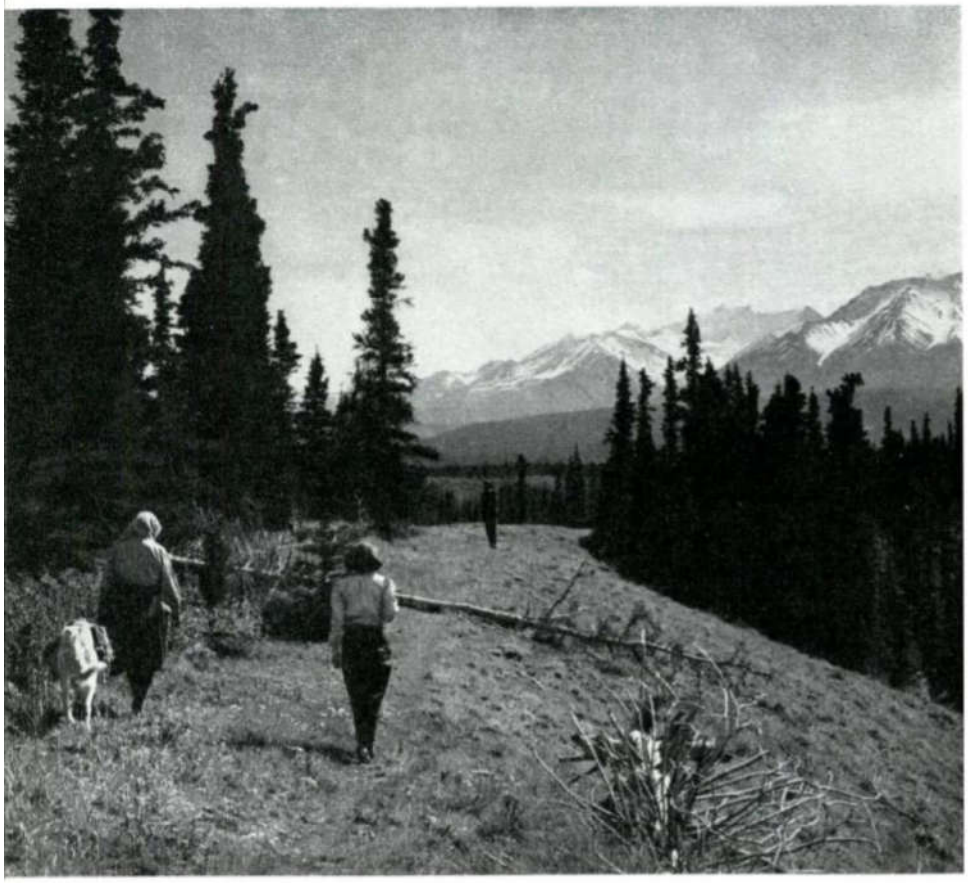
Tonight, the many-coloured northern lights are rippling across the sky like the constantly moving folds of a gigantic theatre curtain. Sometimes the folds ripple gently and hesitantly; sometimes they race across the sky with panic speed. Last night, the same northern lights were only a vast, formless sheet of restlessly moving iridescent green—so vivid that it was possible to make some very good time exposures, even with that old box camera. The stars blaze red, green, blue, and yellow with a diamond-hard brilliance unfamiliar to most city-dwellers.

But—it is not always winter in the Yukon.

In many parts of the world, spring is a gentle, persistent process. In the Yukon, spring is dramatic, explosive and almost incredible even to people who experience it year after year. Ever since New Year, each day has been longer than the previous one. Not by an almost-grudging one minute as in southern Canada but by giant strides of four to seven minutes. By the end of March it is broad daylight long before five in the morning and it stays light until after seven in the evening. Although the temperature still falls below freezing each night, there have already been days when it topped 80° F. in the sun. Banked snow at the roadsides is rotting quickly.

In the course of service with the RCAF Nigel White spent five years in the Yukon.

RICHARD HARRINGTON



NATIONAL MUSEUM

Clouds of small, white snow-buntings mill around excitedly. They always seem to be trying hard to organize some important project but never to reach agreement on what the project is. They hold frequent committee meetings on patches of bare ground where they look like vivacious bird-ghosts.

The occasional rabbit, still in its white winter coat, appears—only to vanish rapidly, no doubt realizing the danger of being visible half-a-mile away against the dark background of the bush. A few grandfather gophers come out of their holes in the sandbank. They sit bolt upright and motionless as they sun themselves and look over the general situation with experienced eyes.

Now, there are small, white, fluffy clouds in a sky—no longer steel-blue but in blues which range from pastel to cobalt. At sunset, the colour of the sky ranges smoothly through gold and vivid red at the southern horizon to indigo overhead.

After dark, the deathly stillness of the winter nights has given place to a faint, expectant bustle. Perhaps it is only the dried heads of brome grass rustling in the night-breeze which is the harbinger of the northern spring. In the muskeg, the pussy-willows have been in bud for several weeks, but it is not quite spring yet.

At last, there is a frost-free night—or even two or three in succession. Spring comes with a rush. Water is running everywhere. It pours off roofs; it trickles down banks and flows in streams or torrents beside every road and path.

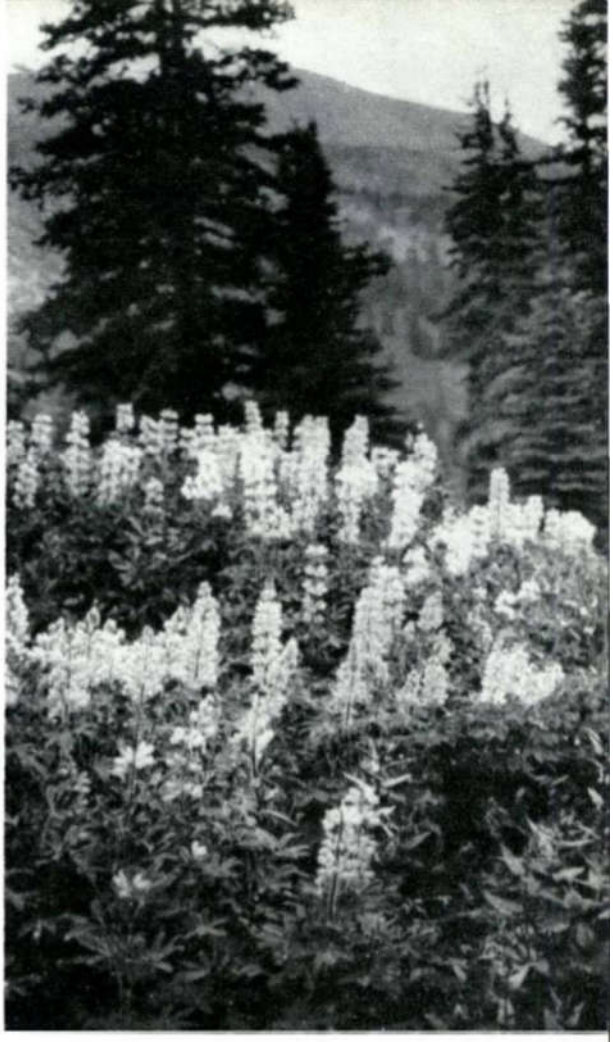
Greatcoats are left at home. After five months in clumsy but indispensable fur lined boots, walking in shoes again is like having winged feet. Lightness of foot brings blitheness of spirit and, during the Yukon spring, no one has time to be sick, much less to die.

A few days after the real onset of spring, the gravel-surfaced Alaska Highway is bare and dry. Every car and truck raises a blinding cloud of dust which hangs in the air for the next ten minutes.

How could winter disappear so quickly? When I was a boy going to grade school, I used to buy Japanese

H. JONES

H. JONES



NATIONAL MUSEUM

paper flowers—the things that look like screwed-up bits of paper until you drop them in water when they promptly unfold to become plants and flowers. Plants grow almost as rapidly in the Yukon spring. The first arrival is the mauve pasque-flower. It is called the Yukon crocus although it is really an anemone. But, just like the familiar prairie crocus (*Anemone patens*) of our western plains, or the flowering bulb of our southern gardens, it suddenly appears in full flower when its snow cover melts.

At the side of my home, there was a sterile-looking piece of gravel about ten feet square. No ground seemed less likely to grow anything. But every spring, within two weeks of the snow melting off it, I could count a dozen different sorts of plants, all growing like mad. There were lupins, Solomon's seal and stonecrop. There were mock strawberries or strawberry blite (*Chenopodium*), similar to the plant which grows in sand dunes in Europe where they call it sea holly. There were wild roses, lichens, a big Scotch thistle, a few blades of grass, and, inevitably, some clumps of golden dandelions.

In the North, all plants display a sense of extreme urgency. Environment has taught them they must complete their life cycle as soon as possible. Poor soil and long hours of daylight have much to do with this. Within as little as two weeks of the first leaves appearing, lupins are in full flower on stalks less than twelve inches high.

In the bush, there are stinging nettles, larkspur, daisies and great expanses of blue lupins. There are wasps, wild bees, small blue moths, large white butterflies, and even a few dragonflies. Mercifully, the mosquitoes and blackflies have not yet taken over for the summer. Kick aside the mat of pine needles anywhere under the trees and you will uncover innumerable small spiders all busily engaged in their mysterious private affairs.

It is hard to tell just when Yukon spring merges into Yukon summer. But, helped by brisk, drying winds, by the end of May there is already a high fire hazard in the bush and shade temperatures of 90° are not unknown to this, the kindlier face of the Yukon. ◆

NORTHERN BOOKS

NORTHERN QUEBEC AND LABRADOR JOURNALS AND CORRESPONDENCE 1819-1835

Edited by K. G. Davies, assisted by A. M. Johnson, with an introduction by Glyndwr Williams. Hudson's Bay Record Society, London, 1963. lxxix, 415 pages. Maps. Issued to members of the Society ($5.00 a year)

Reviewed by P. D. Baird

This volume, XXIV in the Series, reproduces the journals of James Clouston (2), William Hendry, Erland Erlandson (2), and Nicol Finlayson, together with Fort Chimo correspondence under Finlayson's management, certain post histories, and biographies of the principal characters.

Gone are the days when (around 1910) Donald Smith could within minutes countermand the permission he had verbally given to J. B. Tyrrell to examine the Company's archives relating to the journeys of Samuel Hearne. The Hudson's Bay Record Society is revealing in this series some of the vital early history of the country which we know as Canada, but which to them, 150 years ago, was Rupert's Land, while Canada and Canadians represented the "opposition."

This reviewer is unaware of the overall plan of editing of the archives, but feels that a slightly different geographical and historical selection would have made a better volume, to relate the events in Ungava up to 1843, the date of the temporary abandoning of the Chimo venture, leaving out accounts of more southern outposts.

The Company's push inland and northward from the confines of James Bay was an attempt to overcome opposition—from the "Canadians" to the south and the St. Lawrence north shore—from the Moravian trader missionaries on Labrador's Eskimo coast, two of whom had travelled to the mouth of the Koksoak (South River here) in 1811 and published a report.

The policy laid down by Alexander Christie is quoted (p. xlii): "By erecting small Posts around our Opponents settlement, and sending people off in different directions to search for Indians, will be the only sure means of forming a knowledge of that part of the Country—A steady perseverence on such a plan will soon render our Opponents principal establishment of very little utility. . . ."

Clouston's 1820 journey to near the mouth of the Koksoak (by far the most detailed and interesting account in this volume) was a direct result of this new policy of exploration. Then came the Amalgamation and a temporary withdrawal, but opposition was soon apparent again and after Governor George Simpson took over full direction of the Company's activities he determined to spread into the interior of Labrador.

Despite the initial hardships of Finlayson and his men and discouraging returns, Simpson insisted on the experiment continuing. He never visited Ungava. Accustomed to the broad and quieter rivers of the northwest over which he used to sweep with his swift canoes, he could never understand why similar lines of communication should not be established in this great peninsula, twice as big as France.

But as these records show, Ungava and its people were very different from Athabasca. Here we have a steep rimmed plateau, a confusing mass of irregular lakes in the centre and rapid outflowing streams all too variable in volume. At Chimo the stunted trees were unsuited for cabin building: "Let your Honours conceive to yourselves houses made of short dwarfish wood that grows to perfect cones. . . ." Only on the southern fringe was birch-rind found in adequate size for canoes, and as J. W. Anderson relates for a period one hundred years later, new canoes have to be built each year for brigading. Finlayson had against his will to risk his precious canoes in unloading a ship at Chimo. The wandering Naskapi Indians were dependent totally and perilously on the caribou, and it proved hard to induce them to trap except enough for a little ammunition and tobacco trade. And to trap what? Beaver were scarce, marten seems to have been the chief fur; the white fox had little value then, and who had thought of seal skin as saleable?

This was one of the tragedies of the initial failure of Fort Chimo. For a laudable intent in its establishment was to open trade with the Eskimo, and the hope of the Company's men was to put an end to the murderous antipathy of the two native races. (By means of the Deterrent, it seems—guns then. "The Indians I should imagine will not be averse to a peace, as they must know that the Esquimeaux will have it now in their power to retaliate." p. 179). But apart from foxes, whale oil seemed to be the only article the Company was willing to trade from the "Hoskies" and that was in short supply. We had to wait another eighty years for the initiative of Ralph Parsons and the cult of the white fox.

Many details are brought out in these brief records of the character and habits of the Ungava Indians. Superstitious to a degree, shiftless and unreliable they seemed to the Company's servants who had had long acquaintance with the Crees. An Ottawa administrator once remarked to your reviewer that the native is a natural conservationist. Few Company men today or at the period of these records would agree with this statement. And here in these pages we are shown the fundamental misuse of Ungava, the deliberate firesetting of the Indians who thus went about ruining their heritage for a temporary convenience.

Erlandson's journal, p. 202, relates: "July 10: It is not at all surprising that this part of the country is in a great measure destitute of fur animals. I see the woods on fire in three different places: this is done by the Indians . . . signals to apprise each other of arrivals . . . or some such trivial occurrences . . . to the evident injury of their own hunting lands."

So Ungava was being scorched to a slow death even before the arrival of the white man and the firearm. Today the caribou have almost vanished and a small group of Naskapi Indians huddle on the outskirts of Schefferville.

Despite the unfamiliar difficulties of the country and their often useless Indian guides these Company pioneers amaze the modern reader with their travelling exploits. Even remembering A. P. Low's feats of fifty years later it is doubtful if he ever made as speedy a journey as Erlandson's summertime return from Northwest River to Chimo in twenty-four days, admittedly aided by a supporting party of Indians whom he had left to hunt inland. McLean a few years later, in winter, did the same journey

in thirty-two days. These were the trails on which twentieth century "explorers" died.

Clouston, the Orkney schoolmaster, was the most intelligent observer in these accounts. He "conjured" his way past native superstition with the aid of a sextant and nautical almanac, but his more natural use of these was not so great; his longitudes were woefully wrong and his barometric heights exaggerated seriously. We would like to know just what pattern of barometer he was using and how set up. as with many other details of their travel technique, which one presumes were so well known to their superiors that they were not worth relating. Finlayson was a highly reticent Scot in this regard; only in two little incidents that the editor points out does a hint creep in that his wife was with him at Chimo. Did she come in overland with him? We are not told.

We are informed however, of the startling cure for snow blindness then, it seems, in vogue—bleeding!—and also given the curious story of the suspicions raised by Erlandson's bequest of $13,000 to the Toronto Hospital on his death in 1875. Strathcona was a millionaire by then; surely another Company man can be allowed some business acumen on the "outside"! Poor Erlandson—he suffered enough in Ungava, always given the toughest assignments and the shortest rations so that it seems in later years he had forgotten how to eat (p. 362). It was he incidentally who for one year held the post at Fort Nascopie a few scant miles from where the iron ore town of Schefferville now stands. But in 1839, this was an overreach, and Erlandson could not have realized the fortune that lay beneath his snowshoes as he went about the inlander's prime occupation of hunting his dinner.

It is a great pity that Erlandson's maps though referred to are not reproduced in this volume. We are shown some sketches by Clouston of southerly outposts, which as indicated earlier do not seem to fit the theme of this Ungava story. A reasonably sophisticated map of the four main journeys is given as an insert, but this volume unlike so many of the Record Series is or should be as geographical as historical. There is a sad lack of illustrations that would enliven a story which even so is a fascinating one.

Former director of the Montreal office of the Arctic Institute of North America, Col. Baird has taken part in and led numerous arctic expeditions. He is now director of the Gault bequest and supervisor of northern field activities for the geography department of McGill University.

THE KINGDOM OF CANADA

—A General History from the Earliest Times.

By W. L. Morton. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1963. 556 pages, maps. $10.00

Reviewed by W. Kaye Lamb

The title of this new and attractive history harks back to 1866, and Sir John Macdonald's proposal that the British North America Act should create a Kingdom of Canada. This was not to be; but in 1952, in accordance with the decision of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers, Elizabeth II was proclaimed in Ottawa as Queen of Canada. "Thus," Dr Morton notes, "the intent of Macdonald and the Fathers of Confederation, unnecessarily disappointed by American protest and British timidity, was realized at last, and Canada became the Kingdom of Canada its history had prepared it to be."

The general plan and balance of the book are admirable. Approximately 150 pages are devoted to the history of exploration and of New France; another 150 carry the story to the eve of Confederation; Confederation itself and the century since are dealt with in 220 pages. Some will be critical of the fact that the book concentrates heavily on the Quebec-Ontario area and pays scant attention to other parts of present-day Canada before they join Confederation; but this is perhaps inevitable.

The text is uncluttered and clear, and many tangled skeins are sorted out in simple terms and few words. In this respect the account of French relations with the Hurons and the Iroquois deserves to rank as something of a *tour de force*. Territorial, commercial, and religious ambitions and rivalries were involved, not only between the French and the Indians, but between them and the Dutch and British as well; and the whole story is nowhere surveyed as well as it is here.

This was one of the earliest north-south clashes on the continent, and the persistence of these clashes, right down to the present day, may be said to be the central theme of the book. The old French-English rivalry, extinguished by the conquest of New France, came vigorously to life again with the American Revolution, in the revised form of a clash between Canada and the United States. The War of 1812 served both to emphasize its continuation and to separate the two countries more definitely from one another. Though there was to be much talk of undefended frontiers and of centuries of peace, the plain fact is that tension, in varying degrees of intensity, has existed between the two countries almost continuously, and from time to time special circumstances or a particular crisis has added apprehension to tension. The absence of military action has tended to conceal action of other kinds. As Dr Morton remarks: "Peaceful penetration by American settlers, as Texas and Oregon testified, was always a more serious menace than the movement of American troops." More recently we have experienced an equally peaceful penetration of American capital that is in turn giving rise to apprehension.

The text abounds in neat summaries of problems and events. Of Brock, and the difficulties he faced when war broke out in 1812, Dr Morton writes: "Canada could be held only by a judicious mixture of discipline and dash, discipline to outfight the American militia and dash to win the Indians by early and showy victories." Both these Brock supplied.

This is a highly subjective book. The author does not take refuge in a statement of pros and cons and leave the reader to make up his mind; he states frankly and with candour his personal opinions and interpretation of men, events, and historical evidence. This applies to quite recent matters as well as to those that are comfortably remote. Of Mackenzie King he writes, when noting his retirement: "His work . . . proved to be a work of salvage and preservation, not of renovation and creation. . . . Few men by doing so little had accomplished so much." And of Premier Sauvé, he remarks: "Never in Canadian history had one man's personality made such a difference in hope and sentiment to the whole nation. . . . His death was a national tragedy, and one of immeasurable consequence."

The fifteen maps consist of one facsimile and a series of clear sketches that help the reader at many points. Type and format are attractive, but one wonders if the binding will stand up under constant use.

Dr Lamb is Dominion Archivist and National Librarian for Canada.

ESKIMO ADVENTURE

By Edward L. Keithahn. Superior Publishing Co., Seattle, 1963. x, 170 pages, illus. $5.95

Reviewed by Douglas Leechman

Not infrequently, a book of "adventure", when written by a careful and competent observer, becomes a worthwhile contribution to ethnology. This is certainly the case as far as Keithahn's *Eskimo Adventure* is concerned. We have but few contemporary accounts of life in an Eskimo village on the coast of Alaska as it was in the 1920's and this one is so filled with detail and facts observed at first hand as to well deserve a place in any anthropological library dealing with this subject.

Edward Keithahn and his wife, Toni, undertook to teach school at Shishmaref, a small village on Sarichef Island, about thirty miles south of the Arctic Circle. Though the natives had had a teacher before and knew something of our culture, their old way of life was still only slightly changed and the old style of hunting, fishing, housing, clothing, feasting, and everything else that goes to make up daily living was still adhered to. To as great an extent as possible, the two new teachers fell in with the native customs, with school open only when the children could attend, which was not necessarily when the U.S. Department of Education said it should be. They also undertook to attend to medical, mechanical, legal, and clerical duties far beyond the usual run of school teaching.

Keithahn was fortunate enough to see the building of a snow igloo. True enough, many other white men have seen the same thing, but not on the coast of Alaska where, according to some authorities, the use of the snow-house was unknown and the people unable to build one. Cameras do not work well in below zero weather and so Keithahn had left his at home, much to his regret as he has no photographs of the operation.

Another interesting observation was the state of semi-hibernation in which he found an old white man. In a darkened cabin, from an enormous pile of furs and blankets there emerged a bewhiskered miner who rolled out fully clothed, sat on the edge of his bunk staring down at the floor, evidently hearing what was said to him but not answering. Dried scraps of food left on the dishes had evidently been there for weeks. The Eskimo with Keithahn told him there were several other men who passed the winter in the same way. With no dogs to feed and little or no fuel, they simply slept the time away, eating only at long intervals.

Keithahn writes in a simple unaffected style that carries conviction. There is no dramatization of the dangers to which he was exposed, though their final trip to the "outside" was as amateurish a bit of cheechako stupidity as I have ever come across. He surely knows better today.

There are two sections of photographs, obviously good ones, but the reproduction of them is simply atrocious. They look as though they were printed in a thin gray mud. The map is fair enough, but would have been better drawn to a larger scale and printed on the end papers. There are no lines of latitude or longitude on it, though the Arctic Circle is shown. In spite of these minor defects, this is a most enjoyable book as far as reading pleasure is concerned and a most valuable contribution to the bibliography of Alaska.

Dr Leechman, formerly with the division of anthropology of the National Museum of Canada, is the author of many publications on the native peoples of Canada.

RUNES OF THE NORTH

By Sigurd F. Olson. 255 pages, illus. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1963. $4.95. Random House, Toronto, $6.50

Reviewed by Clifford Wilson

By now Mr Olson must have assembled quite a large following of faithful readers, who automatically buy a new book by him as soon as it appears. *The Singing Wilderness*, *Listening Point*, and *The Lonely Land* have been read with great pleasure by many who know the rockbound lakes and coniferous forests of the Canadian Shield, and have travelled through them as he does—not with the staccato roar and speed of the outboard motor, but as they should be travelled—by paddle canoe.

For in his writing they experience again the "feel" of that much-loved country—hear once more the grating of the canoe bow running up on a sandy beach, the strong, insistent music of the rapids, the hiss and sputter of a dying campfire under the stars, and the thumping of rabbits outside the moonlit tent. And if their memories need refreshing on certain points, they have—or rather had in the first three books—the superb black-and-white drawing of Francis Lee Jaques to recreate the actual details.

This is the first difference one notices in the present volume. The illustrations are not by Mr Jaques, but by Robert Hines, and though his animals are good on the whole, one misses the sure Jaques touch in the scenery.

Runes of the North ranges the land from the author's home country of the Quetico-Superior as far as Alaska. A number of them deal with his experiences while travelling with the now-celebrated Voyageurs (of which he was the "Bourgeois") in the farther North—a subject to which his previous book was completely devoted. And lest the reader of these lines might think that his memories are all pleasant ones, perhaps it should be mentioned that the author recalls with feeling some of the miseries as well as some of the pleasures during his canoe trips through this more rigorous part of the north country.

Elsewhere in the book he writes of his sadness in seeing his beloved wilderness and its native inhabitants being changed so swiftly, and so irreparably, by the relentless hand of pseudo-progress. No longer, he says, is isolation to be found. All points are now accessible either by modern transport or through the medium of radio. He describes the scene, for instance, at a post in northern Manitoba, where the store was crowded with young people lounging idly about and listening to disc-jockey selections from the cities to the south:

"There was no interest any more in learning the craft of their people or how to survive in the bush. That was all old-fashioned. This was a new and easier way to live. Never before had they been so well taken care of, with so much food, protection, or security. No longer did they have to go on long expeditions following the caribou or the trapping lines. That was for those who did not know better. Far safer and more pleasant to stay close to the church and the post, knowing that a benevolent government would not let them starve, get sick, or suffer undue hardships. . . . Spiritual roots have been cut and replaced by a world of gadgetry, speed, and excitement in which the old ways are unimportant. Lost is the wisdom of the people."

Reading this, and much more like it, one remembers the sage words of the late J. W. Anderson in his *Fur Trader's Story*, written after more

than forty years among the Indians and Eskimos, to the effect that the optimum period in the relationships of any native people with the white man is that in which they get enough manufactured goods to *ease* their way of life, without *disturbing* it.

These reflections of Mr Olson's on the changing North are certainly disturbing to those who remember the old, simple ways of wilderness life. But at least there is nothing to prevent those who still have the will and the stamina from continuing to travel by the old methods. The difference lies, perhaps, in the care one must take to choose out-of-the-way areas, unspoiled by those who do not wish to escape for a while from the complicated impedimenta of urban life which they consider indispensable.

Mr Wilson, former editor of "The Beaver" is Assistant Director of the National Museum of Canada.

THE INCOMPARABLE ATUK

By Mordecai Richler. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 1963. 192 pages. $3.95. André Deutsch, London, 16/-

Reviewed by Alan Cooke

In the path of that sweet singer of the prairies, Sarah Binks, we now see trudge from the plains of the high Arctic another poet of native genius, Atuk, an Eskimo. Those readers who take an interest in the *belles lettres* of the northern regions will find much to amuse and to bemuse themselves in Mr Richler's new book, which is, according to the notice on the dust jacket, "a satirical view of the Canadian way of life".

Atuk, a Frobisher Bay Eskimo, had been taught English by a Royal Canadian Mounted Police officer, whose consternation was great when his pupil began to produce bad verse. (Later, in the course of duty, Sgt Wilson became Miss Canada.) A public relations man representing the Twentyman Fur Co. ("a vastly misunderstood enterprise") discovers Atuk's poems, and runs them in a series of advertisements. In 1960, Atuk flies to Toronto to appear at a literary party celebrating his book of poems, and he refuses to return to Baffin Island. Finding literary prizes inedible, he casts about for other means of support, and presently discovers a number of dishonest, immoral, lucrative methods of exploiting his Eskimo heritage and relatives.

The Toronto scene provides rich material for a rapid series of scatalogical situations, most of which are related to a plot that is not without ingenuity and that suggests a modern edition of Pretonius's *Satyricon* as Max Schulman might present it. Mr Richler's ridicule is directed primarily to Toronto manifestations of Canadian culture, and he takes only passing—but deadly—swipes at the *mystique* of the Canadian north. Two only of Atuk's poems appear, but they make one long to see as many as we have from the lamented Miss Binks. ("Canada, wake up, you're all immigrants to me: / my people are living like niggers" concludes one of Atuk's poems.) The passages that deal with Eskimo sculpture ("They make this crap better in Japan") will be welcomed by those who have experienced fatigue in reading, year after year, the syrupy effusions that praise, with never a hint of criticism, each year's production of Eskimo art. Atuk's father, who, since his appearance in a National Film Board short, has insisted on being called The Old One, has some truly wonderful lines when he attempts to talk Atuk out of marrying a Jewish girl. "Jews, Christians, Hebrews. I'm not concerned with nuances. They're all white," he thunders, secure in his belief that the Eskimos are the chosen pagans and have a message for the world.

Atuk's demise is not less unlikely, though perhaps less painful, than that of Miss Binks, in whose tuneful throat broke the horse thermometer she had won as a prize, but to reveal his fate here would involve too many of the complexities of the plot.

After personal experience in the Canadian North and work in the library at Dartmouth College, Mr Cooke is now in England on a research project for Laval University.

BIRDS OF THE LABRADOR PENINSULA and Adjacent Areas

By W. E. Clyde Todd. Carnegie Museum and University of Toronto Press. 819 pages, illus., maps. $18.00

Reviewed by R. W. Sutton

As its title infers, this book deals not only with Labrador as the eastern Arctic seaboard, but with the Labrador Peninsula *per se*, that is, the entire north-eastern portion of the Canadian mainland including northern Ontario, Quebec and Ungava. This, as a glance at a map will indicate, is a not inconsiderable piece of real estate, and Mr Todd's account of the twenty-five Carnegie Museum expeditions, (1901-1958), is a stark reminder of the hardships of northern travel in pre-aircraft days.

This massive volume is not intended for the casual bird watcher. Eight of Dr George M. Sutton's superb colour plates add tone and atmosphere to the text, but basically this is an exhaustive, annotated, taxonomic list of the birds of the area. Institutions and serious ornithologists, particularly those contemplating similar field work, will find Mr Todd's book invaluable.

Old northern hands will sympathize with the separate accounts of the tribulations which beset field parties. Tracking, portaging, squalls and ice-floes all formed part and parcel of the earlier collecting expeditions. Certainly those of us whose field trips are made easy by aircraft—the "chicken every Sunday" type of field man—will be impressed by the vast amount of technical work carried out under the most rigorous wilderness conditions.

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Mr Todd, who is Curator Emeritus of Birds at the Carnegie Museum, presents an unparalleled scientific account of the Labrador Peninsula's avifauna. It is designed primarily for the technical library, but, reading between the lines, it becomes apparent that here, perhaps for the last time, is an account of one of a vanishing breed—the dedicated ornithologist to whom new country was a challenge, hazards and hardships mere routine in the quest for knowledge.

Mr Sutton, who frequently broadcasts and writes on natural history subjects, is director of the Manitoba Museum.

MONUMENTS IN CEDAR

By Edward L. Keithahn. 160 pages, illus. Superior Publishing Company, Seattle. $12.50

Reviewed by M. Bolus

Good news is the reappearance of Keithahn's book on totem poles, with some excursions into allied crafts. The original modest book published in 1945 has grown into a large, glossy, and much more expensive volume, copiously adorned with photographs, some in colour. Reproduction is not as good as it should be, with a tendency to greyness in the plates.

Totem poles have had a life-long fascination for Edward Keithahn and during thirty-five years in Alaska, first as teacher then as curator of the Alaska Historical Library and Museum, he has continued his study of the subject. His material has been gathered from extant poles, early photographs, literature on the Pacific coast old and new, and the Indian people. His findings are presented in a form to appeal to the general reader and should disabuse that reader of the many misconceptions about totem poles and potlatches. For Mr Keithahn does not isolate the carving craft from its context; he describes the peoples and their surroundings, their social and political organization, their ceremonies and oral literature.

The first edition has been revised and expanded as well as being brought up to date. Two new chapters have been added. In "Origin of the Totem Pole" the author discusses the theories that the pole is a post-European development (the view of the noted authority Dr Marius Barbeau) or that it is pre-historic, as some believe. The available evidence is not conclusive either way.

The second new chapter is on the heraldic screen. This decorated panel or partition found in community houses was largely confined to the Tlinkit and took the place of the heraldic poles of tribes farther south. In this chapter Keithahn puts forth the view that the Northwest Coast art style came to the region complete but in miniature—house pillars being large scale reproductions of heraldic charms or pendants, totem poles being enlargements of chiefs' staffs.

The chapter on restoration is brought up to date with an outline of the work that has been done in British Columbia through its Museum program and the establishment of Thunderbird Park in Victoria; and the restoring and carving project of the University of British Columbia. The resultant Totem Park in Vancouver provides a splendid exhibition of poles and a magnificent Haida group of original design and carving on traditional lines. Carvers are being stimulated, moreover, by government and private interest in commissioning new poles. Mr Keithahn will be glad to know that even more recently a group of enthusiasts has been examining and cataloguing the remaining poles in the upper Skeena area with a view to attempting to raise interest in preserving those still fit for restoration.

Several legends associated with specific poles have been added, including a surmise as to the origin of the Abraham Lincoln pole on Tongass Island, possibly a tribute to the end of slavery—unexpected in Alaska. This pole, the top figure a remarkable likeness to its subject, was photographed in a group in 1889 but did not receive general recognition for decades. When it was taken down in 1939 (and a poor copy made) it was beyond repair. While this story appears in the "Legends" chapter, with no reference to illustrations, the relevant photographs appear earlier on pages 121 and 67 (with no cross references), the latter captioned with a definite story of the Lincoln pole.

Mr Keithahn's work is admirable and it is most regrettable that a little more effort was not made by the publishers to make this book the very useful volume it should be. Lack of index and of correlation of pictures with text is exasperating. The addition of "see story" with some picture titles—but not all that should have it by any means—with no clue as to where the story is to be found frustrates the best-intentioned reader. In many instances there is more than one photograph of a given pole but it is by chance that one happens on them.

The fold-out ethnological map of the earlier volume has been reproduced on such small scale as to be almost illegible, and a map is a necessity. The bibliography has been extended but careless make-up has upset the alphabetical sequence. Indian names admittedly present difficulties, but consistency is desirable. For instance, there are references to Duktoothl (p. 31), Duk-duthl or Kahasi (p. 33), Duk-toolh (p. 75), and Duktoothl or Ka-ha-si (pp. 118, 143), and of course no cross-references: Kwakiutl becomes Qwakiutl on page 106. And why, oh why, has Grizzly Bear throughout been carefully changed to Grisly Bear?

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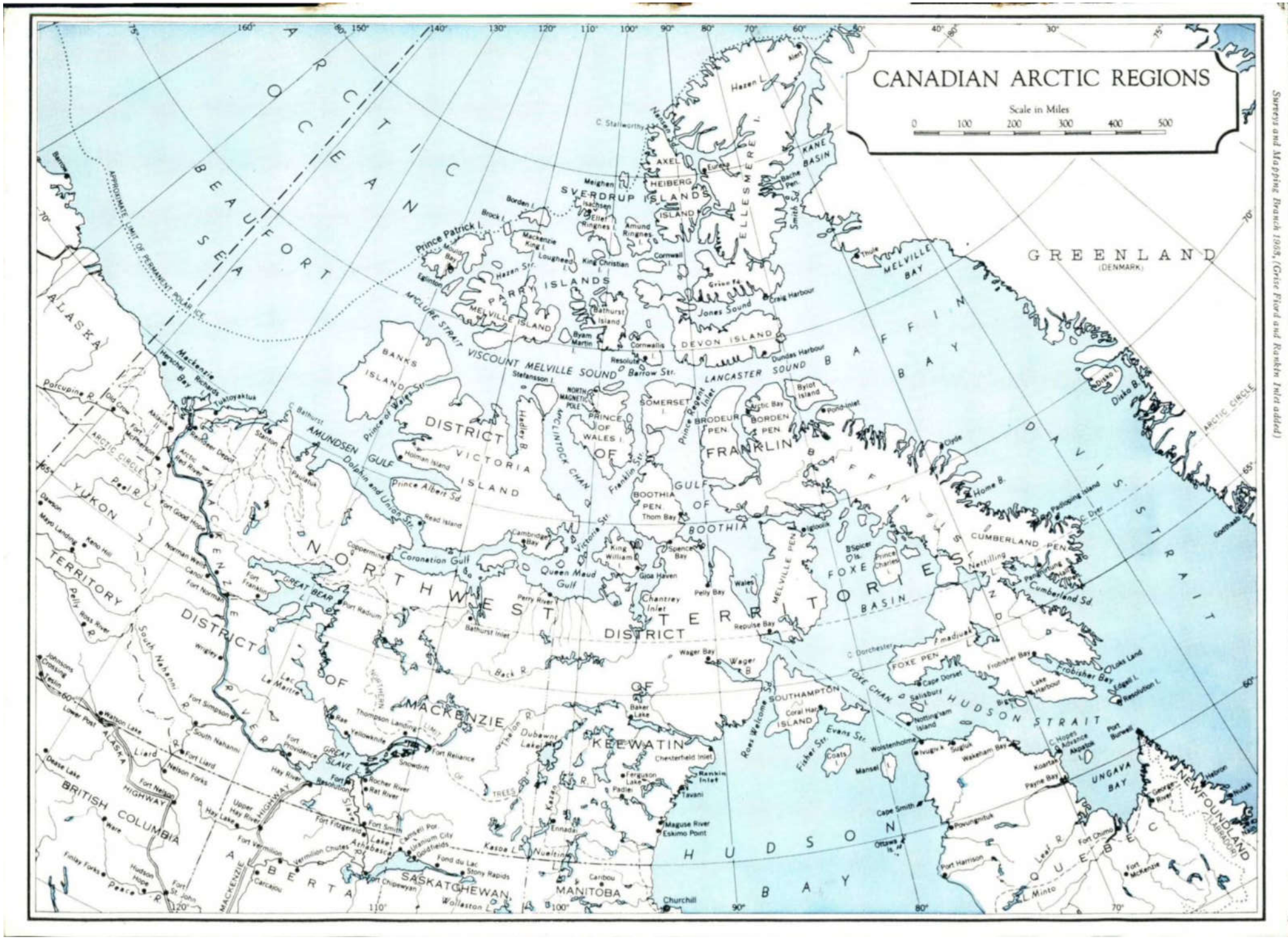

Surveys and Mapping Branch 1958, (Grise Fiord and Rankin Inlet added)

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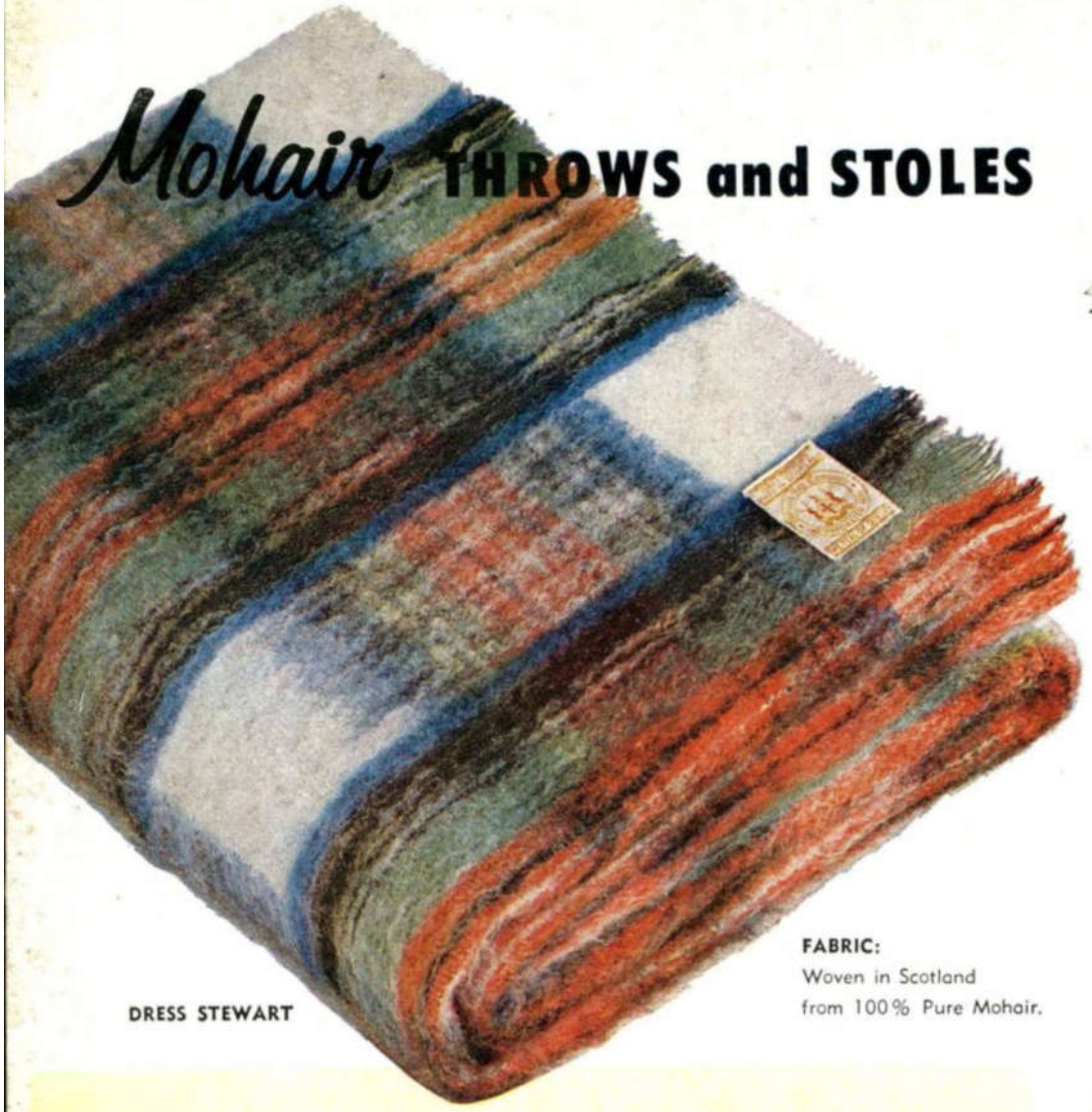

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